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"THE GIFTS OF THE FAIRIES."

FROM THE PICTURE BY THE LATE FRANK HOLL, R.A.

By permission of Mr. F. C. Pawle.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* has written an admirable article upon the relations of old age and youth, which has been equally well traversed by a writer in the *Spectator*. General experience is certainly more in accordance with the latter. There is very much more of effort in the old to enter into the plans and interests of youth than there used to be, but, unfortunately, very little of reciprocity. As is well said, the favourite maxim of half a century ago was "Young people should be seen and not heard," but "now it is the old people who are oftener seen and not heard, and seen, when they are seen, listening with rapt attention to the wit and wisdom of youth." There is some satire, of course, in this, but also a good deal of truth. Children are very "careful in the selection of their parents," and when they have made a mistake, or what they deem to be such, do not hesitate to mention it. The error of both disputants in this controversy seems to lie in their great expectations. From the earliest ages, when people ate their grandfathers, as was assumed, out of their liking for them, the state of old age has been immensely "cracked up" and overpraised. It has been spoken of by moralists as the climax of contentment and by divines as the reward of a virtuous life. It may be argued that, since these statements have been usually made by those who are themselves advanced in life, they must be the result of experience, and therefore to be believed; but it is the habit of mankind to magnify their own position, as their office, and, even when it is not satisfactory, to make the best of a bad job. If old men expect young persons to listen to their conversation with admiration, or to seek their society as readily as that of their contemporaries, they will be generally disappointed. Rogers may have been in one of his bitter humours when he told us that there was "no such thing as a fine old man," but there is certainly no such thing as a young old man, except, indeed, of that class to which no person of right feeling would be willing to belong. "The chasm springing up between the young and the old," at which one of the two writers above referred to expresses much regret, has, in fact, been always there and always will be. Johnson, indeed, sought the companionship of youth (upon the rather cynical ground that his contemporaries were apt to die off), and even contrived to recommend himself to them; but his gifts were very exceptional, and his young friends (such as Beauclerk) were of a class scarcely less so. An old man must sit in his chair, while youth is moving around him, and be thankful that he is not pushed from it before he vacates it, much more willingly than is generally imagined.

It is curious that Shakspeare—save, indeed, when one considers that he never was an old man—should mention as one of the usual accompaniments of old age, "troops of friends," which by the nature of things can scarcely happen. Death lessens every year that loyal band with relentless dart. It is amazing, and the cause of much mischievous misconception, that the period of human life when disease of some kind is almost sure to be present, and when at the best "those who look at the windows are darkened," and "all the daughters of music are brought low"—the failing eye and the dulled ear—should have been so often selected as the subject of panegyric. There is nothing more piteous—but also somewhat contemptible—than the prean of triumph we raise over some poor ancient who still struts, or rather totters, superfluous on the stage, as though Nature had forgotten his debt, with "almost all his faculties" still remaining to him. This does not arise from our appreciation of old age, but from our fear of that which ends it.

Little did I think in expressing my admiration last week for the genius of William Watson that so dark a cloud was about to overshadow it. Wordsworth tells us, indeed, that poets who in their youth begin in gladness in the end become the prey of despondency and madness, but the poor fellow was still in his youth—

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory:
The autumn wind rushing
Takes the leaves that are serest,
But this flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Nothing so sad has occurred since the death of Chatterton, though produced by very different causes. It is the more extraordinary since the peculiar charm in this young man's verse was the selection of epithet, which would appear, above all things, to demand the attribute of judgment.

It is of small use to an author, one would imagine, to have passed the boundary line said to exist between genius and madness, but there is one example of it. When Desmarests wrote his comedy of "The Visionaries" he was quite out of his mind. Disraeli the elder speaks of it as one of the most extraordinary of literary curiosities; for all the *dramatis personæ* are as mad as the author. Artabaze is a coward who believes he has conquered the world; Amidor is a poet (but this is not so strange) who fancies himself superior to Homer; Phalante is a bankrupt who thinks he is as rich as Croesus; and the

actresses are the maddest of all. "In this singular comedy, indeed, all Bedlam seems to be set down on the stage, and every character has a high claim to an apartment in it." Yet the performance was very successful.

Some schoolboys have expressed their wish to accompany Dr. Nansen on his Arctic expedition, "but," they add, "we can hardly be ready by the date of your departure; we will join you later." Considering the extreme difficulty of joining him—not to say finding him—later, these boys must possess an unusual amount of intelligence. They are obviously boys of the present day, and not of that type who used to run away to sea without even counting the cost of the coach journey to Portsmouth. They prefer to see how things turn out, and to have matters well started. There are a good many adults who practise the same prudence, and especially among the critics. It is easy enough to praise if the keynote has been given you; but in the case of a new author it is quite curious to note how careful are the utterances of the "hebdomadal conferrers of immortality." They can "slate," of course; abuse is never remembered by anybody except the author himself (even when he doesn't deserve it); but to be the first to praise requires courage as well as judgment. They accompany Nansen later: join the board after allotment.

In these sanitary days, when people dare not eat and dare not drink, and are gravely recommended only to breathe through their nose, it is astonishing to read the fiction and even the poetry concerning the Christmases of old. How full Dickens's Christmas books (and, indeed, all his earlier ones) are of eating and drinking! How his characters enjoy their turkeys (with stuffing), their rich plum-puddings, and their steaming glasses of hot punch! All the great events of the story are wound up by a dinner of the most substantial kind, and not a word said about indigestion. As a matter of fact, Dickens was a very moderate man, and only voiced the feeling of the time. It was the same with the poets of half a century ago when eulogising the festive season. One of them, and not the meanest, actually defends excess when "keeping" Christmas—

For behold! Great Nature's self
Builds her no abstemious shelf,
But provides (her love is such
For all) her own great good Too-much—
Too much grass and too much tree,
Too much air and land and sea,
Too much seed of fruit and flower
And fish, an unimagined dower!
(In whose single roe shall be
Life enough to stock the sea—
Endless ichthyophagy!)
Every instant through the day
Worlds of life are thrown away;
Worlds of life and worlds of pleasure,
Not for lavishment of treasure,
But because she's so immensely
Rich, and loves us so intensely.

This may not be wholesome, but it is certainly cheerful, and seems to breathe a spirit of *abandon* which has apparently left us altogether.

The story from Roumania of the Greek miser who enjoined upon his wife that he should be buried in his old coat is a curious illustration of how closely mankind are apt to connect this world with the next. A kind-hearted fellow-countryman offered to supply a shroud, and when the widow explained the situation shrewdly suggested that she should thoroughly examine the garment for which the deceased had expressed such an attachment. In the lining of the coat were thirty-five thousand francs in notes. Their late proprietor, like a wit of our own land, evidently thought this "a very nice sum to begin the next world with." That it should have been in notes showed he took a favourable view of his destination, and that it should have been in Greek notes a very patriotic one of the stability and far-reaching reputation of the national finances. But, after all, his ideas, one fears, are like those of most of us, only pushed to extremity. The French nobleman who expressed his confidence that Providence would "think twice before condemning a person of his quality" was an example of a similar kind, though he believed in birth instead of money. There is really nothing so difficult to appreciate as the equality of rich and poor, of gentle and simple, in the world to come, because all our experience and associations tend to the contrary.

A French poet has brought an action against his publisher for spoiling one of his best verses by a misprint—another proof, if one was wanting, of the utter absence of humour in our otherwise "lively neighbours." One would like to see a British jury engaged in assessing damages for this grievous wrong. No doubt, it was annoying for the bard who wrote "The martyr with his shroud of fire" to see it in print as "The martyr with his shirt on fire"—a thing which Jack Mytton put in practice in order to cure himself of the hiccoughs—but he didn't bring an action against the printer. Indeed, it is not the printer who is generally in fault—but the poet himself, who in the first place writes a horrible scrawl, and secondly, does not read his proofs properly. Dickens got his friend Forster to do this for him, well understanding how the ear of an author, in the case of his own works,

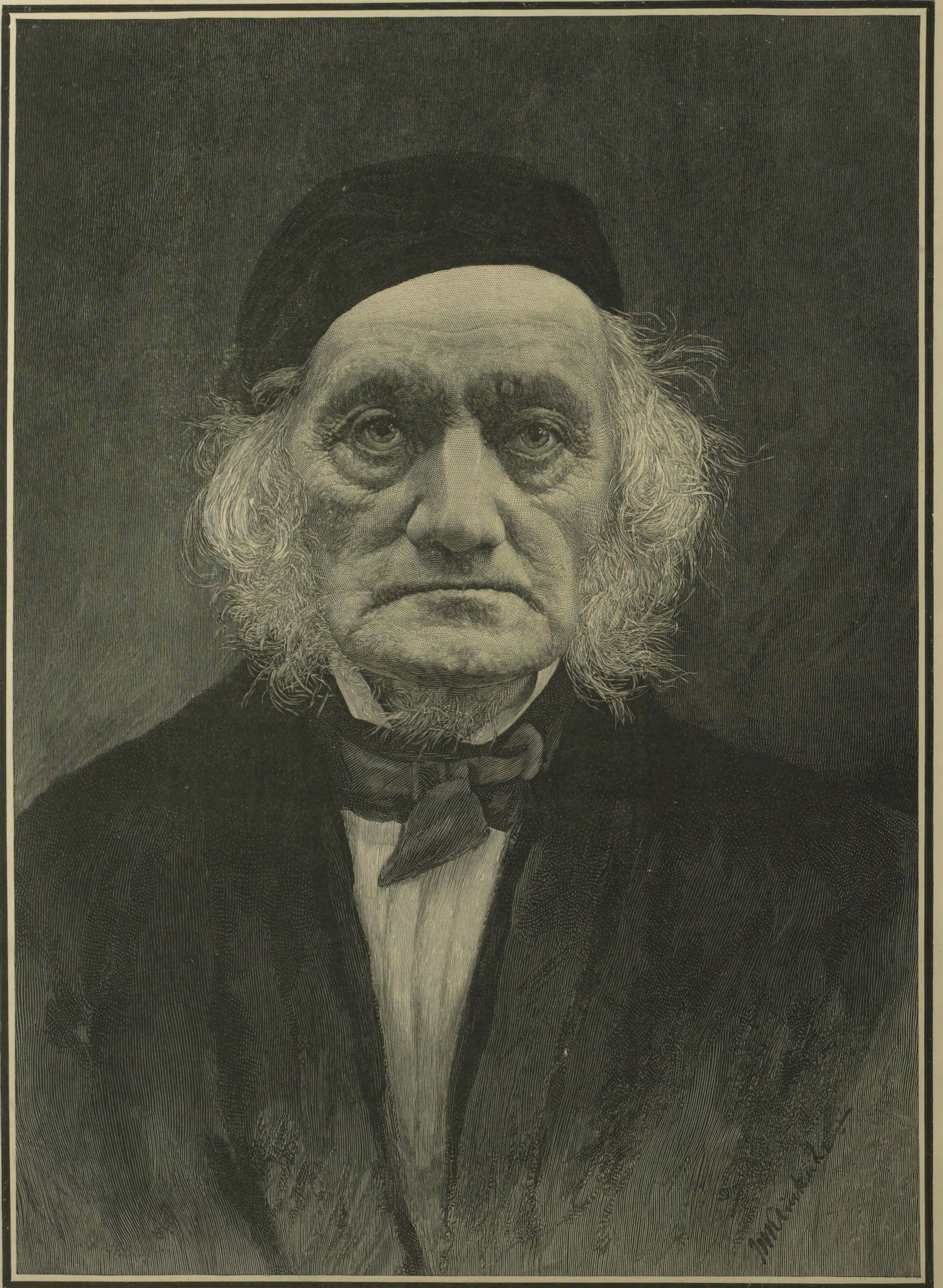
misleads the eye. Almost every author's works have suffered from this mischance, but it is no use tearing one's hair, and far less the hair of other people. After all, the errors of the printer are not to be compared with those of the translator. A Swedish one—a lady—once wrote to me that she hoped, in a certain novel of mine, she had rendered "The Christy Minstrels" (which had puzzled her) with tolerable fidelity: she had called them "The Minstrels of Christ"; but I lived over even that. The fact is, neither our readers nor our critics give so much attention to our productions as we are apt to think they deserve, and even if these little mistakes are discovered they are soon forgotten by everybody but ourselves.

A curious outcome of the "missing word" craze, which has been put an end to by the strong hand of the law, was the little broadsheet, sold for a penny in the street, called "Missing Word Tips." It supplied a void for those who had no "Thesaurus" or dictionary. It was copyrighted, and readers were warned against "colourable but inferior imitations." The suggestions were not wanting in exhaustiveness. "The lakes of Switzerland are so incomparably lovely, and the mountain scenery so ———, that holiday-seekers choose it in preference to many other countries promising indisputable attractions." To complete this interesting and original paragraph there were no less than one hundred and thirty "tips," including "awesome" and "vitalising." Curiously enough, the tipster had not thought of "golluptious"!

An advertisement to "Landlords and House Agents" informs us that an individual connected with Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment will "investigate and report upon any reputed haunted house, ascertaining the cause and putting a stop to all seemingly unaccountable shrieks, cries, groans, &c., on the shortest notice." This is as it should be. It is always best to have professional assistance, but especially in the case of pretended spiritual agencies. The Psychical Society—or, as the late Master of Trinity called it when it admitted ladies, "the Cupid and Psychical Society"—is much too tenderhearted to deal with the ghost-world. It requires an expert to expose it. Nor should it be forgotten that it was at the hands of Maskelyne and Cooke that spiritualism in England came by its end. Charles Dickens, with all his imaginative faculty, had a great deal of strong common-sense, and though disposed to give things a fair trial, had in his later years very little patience with the haunted house theory. At one time, whenever he heard of such a dwelling, he used to obtain permission, with his friend W. H. Wills, to pass a night in it—some account of his experiences were published in one of his Christmas numbers—and they all turned out to be unmitigated frauds. Perhaps the best exorcism of a ghost is a sense of humour, in which the Psychical Society is, it must be owned, slightly deficient. Next to that is a bulldog. There is no record, except in Lord Lytton's famous ghost story, of a ghost that could tackle that very unspiritual animal.

It is being debated among some journals in America whether a Poet Laureate might not be a good institution in that country. Some of these arguments are expressed with much decision. One writer observes, "I don't think we want any Poet Laureate; we are too much given to 'blowing' anyhow." Another says, "If we are to have one, he is a man who should be destitute of 'buncombe,'" and expresses a wish that "any such person would appear in print." Another thinks that the idea is "unpleasantly imitative of monarchic institutions." At the same time, it is pleasing to note that all contributors to the discussion, whether for or against a Laureate, are agreed that if such a post is given to anybody Oliver Wendell Holmes should be the man.

The theory of heredity is not much to the taste of plain honest people: it is made an apology for vice and an excuse for idleness, and in nine cases out of ten where we find a man abusing his progenitors he is a poor feckless creature on his own account. The motto the author of "From One Generation to Another" has chosen for his story, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge," does not, therefore, impress one favourably with it. But the book is a good book, nevertheless. The characters of Seymour Michael, "whose God was not Self but a Career," and who fails in it through an overplus of unscrupulousness, and of James Agar, who is "as far removed from the 'misunderstood' type as possible," are admirably contrasted. The duel between these antagonists, which extends throughout the story, is exciting, and not so unequal as it appears to be from the moment when we first see the one watching the other with his keen eyes but seeing nothing, "for there is no one so impenetrable as a man with a clear conscience and a large faith." The circumstances described are strange, as is usual with the author of "The Slave of the Lamp," but they are possible, and he makes them appear probable. Arthur Agar and his mother are not attractive persons, but life is full of such: people who would not do wrong if they were not tempted, nor even then unless the opportunity were too good to be missed. There is a very fair allowance of wrongdoing in the novel, but, on the other hand, which is quite unusual in a story nowadays, things all come right at last.



THE LATE SIR RICHARD OWEN, K.C.B., F.R.S.

Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR RICHARD OWEN.

Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., F.R.S., the news of whose death, which occurred at three o'clock on Sunday morning, Dec. 18, has occasioned wide regret, was born at Lancaster, July 20, 1804. On leaving school he entered the Navy as a midshipman, but on the restoration of peace in 1814 he began the study of medicine, first in Edinburgh and then in London, and in 1830, after three or four years of private practice, was appointed curator of the Hunterian Collection in the Royal College of Surgeons, of which institution he had been admitted a member four years previously. The position which Sir Richard's talents thus early secured him relieved him from the uphill struggle of a medical man's life, and united both his duties and his tastes in the advancement of the sciences of physiology and comparative anatomy. A long and useful service to these kindred branches was continued in a yet wider field by Sir Richard's appointment in 1856 as Superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, which post he held till 1883, thus retiring in his eightieth year to well-earned rest, in the little cottage in Richmond Park which had been accorded him by the royal bounty as far back as 1851. The results of scientific work extending over half a century are scattered through numerous memoirs and minor treatises, but are specially embodied in Sir Richard's *magnum opus*, "The Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," which fills three volumes. To write the biography of Sir Richard Owen is to write the history of biological science during the past fifty years. And much more than that, because the public movements with which Sir Richard has been connected have not been limited to his own area of research. The noblest monument of his perseverance, in the teeth of both lay and official opposition, is the spacious building at Kensington, to which in 1881 the long "cramped and cabin'd" natural history collections were transferred from Bloomsbury. It is there that, as already expressed in this Journal, we hope to see Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait of the savant hung as a national tribute to one of the chief among the founders of modern biological science.

Among the influences on Owen's life-work, probably the most powerful was that of the great anatomist Cuvier, under whom he had the good fortune to sit as student for a time in Paris. For Cuvier was the modern father of comparative anatomy. In his "Règne Animal," published in 1817, he shows that the agreement between the different parts of an animal is so close that the knowledge of any one part gives the clue to the whole structure, and therefore to the nature and habits of the animal; which is a scientific setting of the old saying, *Ex pede Herculem*—we can tell whether he be Hercules from the length of his foot. But as the perfection (to which term much exception has to be taken) of the organs of animals for the work which they do led Cuvier to think that the organs were created expressly for the functions which they serve, he could not accept the doctrine of homology, or the likeness of corresponding organs in animals as regards structure and type, as, e.g., between the fore leg of a quadruped, the wing of a bird, and the arm of a man, which are of kindred origin, but modified through long and lateral descent for the work which they do. The influence of the master's views on the disciple has been manifest through the career of the latter, arresting his development in certain directions. This is shown in Sir Richard's attitude towards Darwinism, an attitude, for different reasons, adopted by Mr. Wallace, St. George Mivart, and other men of science who do not accept the theory that no break exists in the chain of physical and psychical life between the lowest and highest organisms. In Darwin's "Life and Letters," speaking of the varying reception expected for "The Origin of Species," he says of Owen, "Dead against us, I fear." And with reason; for in 1857, two years before the "Origin" was published, Sir Richard had committed himself to certain statements as to differences between the brain of man and the higher apes which are proved not to exist—statements to which Professor Huxley gave a direct and unqualified contradiction when Sir Richard repeated them at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860. In science, as in things of graver import, a man cannot, save at the cost of losing abiding influence on his fellows, halt between

two opinions. He must adhere either to the old pre-Darwinian view of the immutability of species, of their special creation as and wherever found; or to their mutability, the common descent of every plant and every animal from formless or seemingly structureless specks of matter which, through an infinite series of changes, have become modified into the teeming forms that have flourished or that now flourish on the earth.



THE LATE SIR BERNARD BURKE, C.B., K.P., ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

But if the powerful voice of Sir Richard Owen has in this high matter uttered an uncertain sound, no man has done so much as he to re-create the past, in visiting the "valley of dry bones," and informing these relics with the strange, uncouth life that endowed them, and in restoring in vivid outline that ancient world when huge "dragons of the prime" wallowed in the basins of the Thames and Seine, and when, later still, wild carnivora as lions, hyenas, and their

THE LATE SIR BERNARD BURKE.

Our issue of last week contained a sufficient memoir of the accomplished genealogist, antiquary, and official herald, whose personal connection, during half a century, with the literary staff of the *Illustrated London News*, as weekly contributor of its obituary record, has caused us the more regret in having to announce his death. So long as the political constitution of "that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland" shall retain a Vice-regal Court with a Lord Lieutenant, the office of "Ulster King of Arms," in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, is not likely to be abolished. It will never be held by a better man than the late Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., K.P., who was appointed to it in 1853, and whose services in arranging State ceremonials, both at the Castle, in Court receptions, and at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Knights of St. Patrick were formerly installed, as latterly in their investiture, under the present custom, were always highly approved. "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," a most useful work, now attaining its fifty-fifth annual edition, is carried on with undiminished public esteem.

MR. BALFOUR AT SHEFFIELD.

There was a great gathering of the Conservative clans at Sheffield on Dec. 14 and 15, and several successful and enthusiastic meetings were held, the chief feature of them being two spirited addresses by Mr. Balfour. The late leader of the House of Commons was received with much heartiness. His first speech was chiefly devoted to an interesting exposition of the attitude of his party to social questions; the second was a vigorous polemic, addressed mainly to Mr. Morley. Mr. Balfour's main point in his earlier address was to suggest that the Conservative party held a mean position between the old Whig doctrine of *laissez faire*, which he repudiated, and the more advanced collectivist notions. On the question of the unemployed he thought there was the same necessity of steering a mid course between what he called "rigid and untenable doctrinaire views and wild and unthinking philanthropy." He held it dangerous to admit that every man who desired work had a right to get it, and that if he could not get it from the individual the community either of the city or the municipalities must provide it for him. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour thought that "those municipalities which do endeavour to fit in the demand they have for work so that it shall come at a time when work is slack, and who shall endeavour, by employing the capital at their disposal for the necessary municipal works, to use it in such a manner as to equalise from month to month and season to season the demand for able-bodied labour, take a sound view of their duty, and there is no criticism that can be addressed to them either by political economists on the one hand or philanthropists on the other."

In his second speech the late First Lord criticised severely the composition and work of the Evicted Tenants Commission, and declared his strong belief that no measure of Home Rule would ever pass the House of Commons. "The people of England," he said, "had pronounced in an overwhelming majority against it." Apart from Home Rule, the National Union of Conservative Associations dealt chiefly with Protection (which was carried by a large majority on a vote in favour of a rather vague resolution moved by Colonel Howard Vincent) and with the housing of the working classes. The Earl of Scarborough was the chairman at the demonstration in the Drill-Hall at which Mr. Balfour's principal speech was made.

"THE GIFTS OF THE FAIRIES."

This picture, by the late Frank Holl, was painted in 1878 for Mr. F. C. Pawle, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879.

Two peasant children, partially dressed, are portrayed as unable to resist the curiosity of coming downstairs in the early Christmas

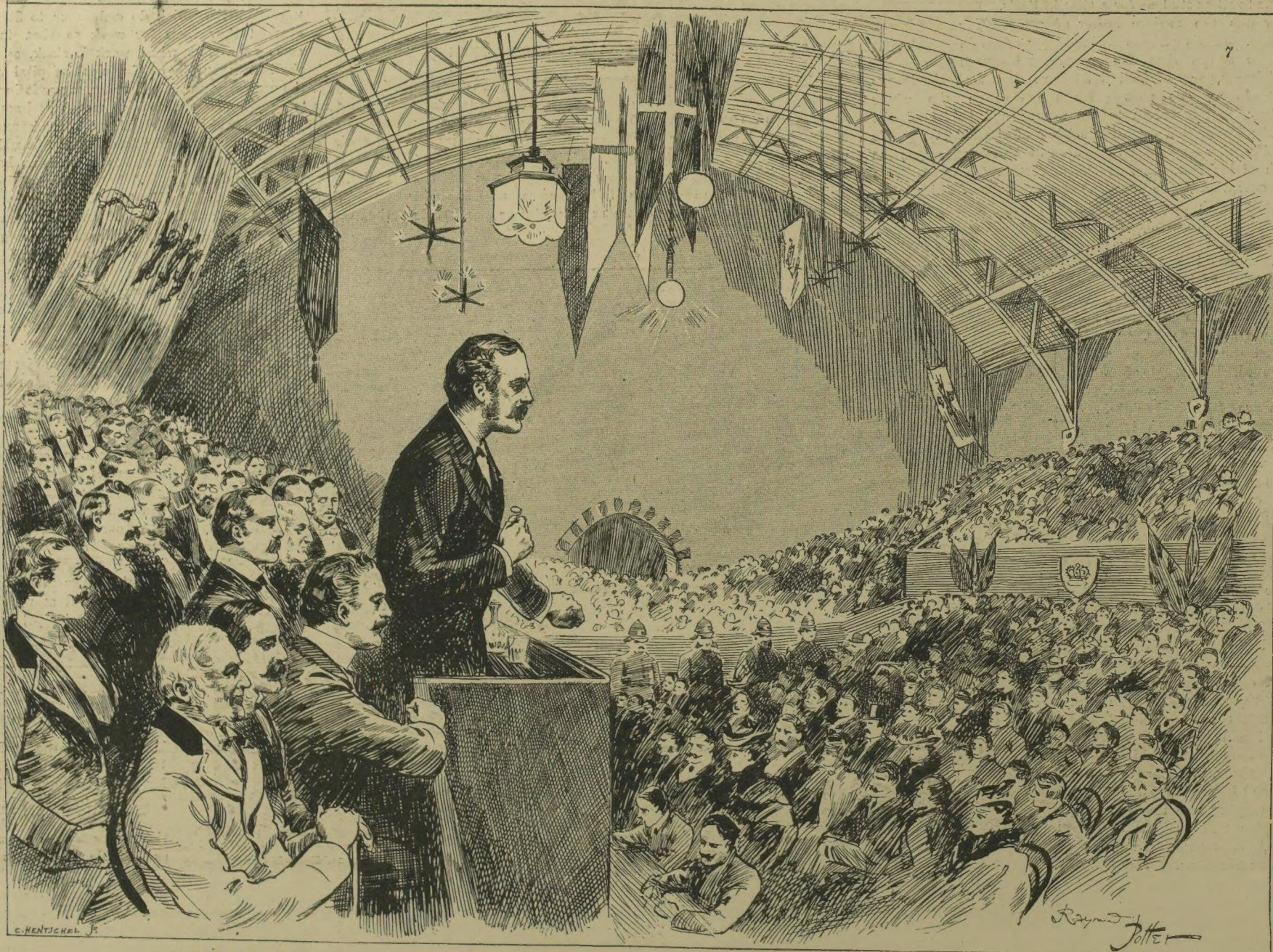
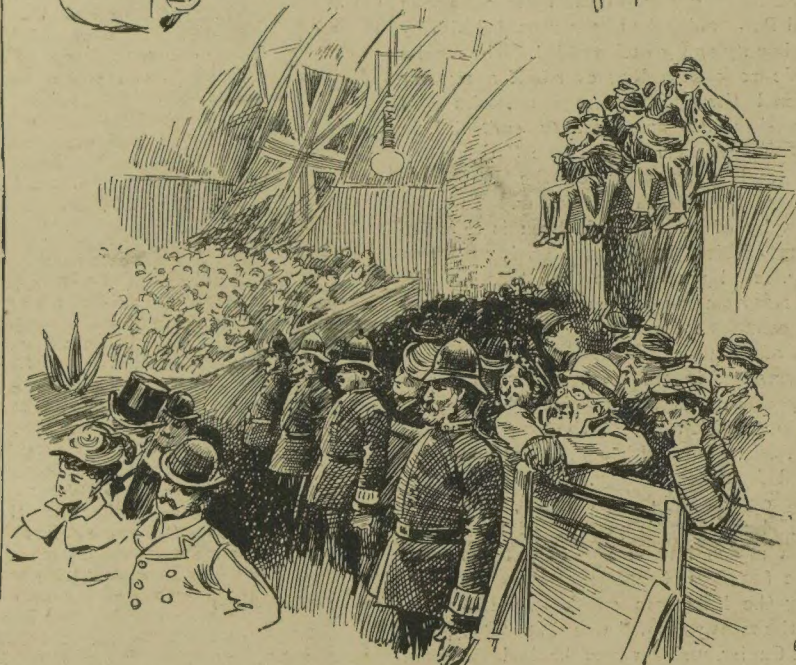
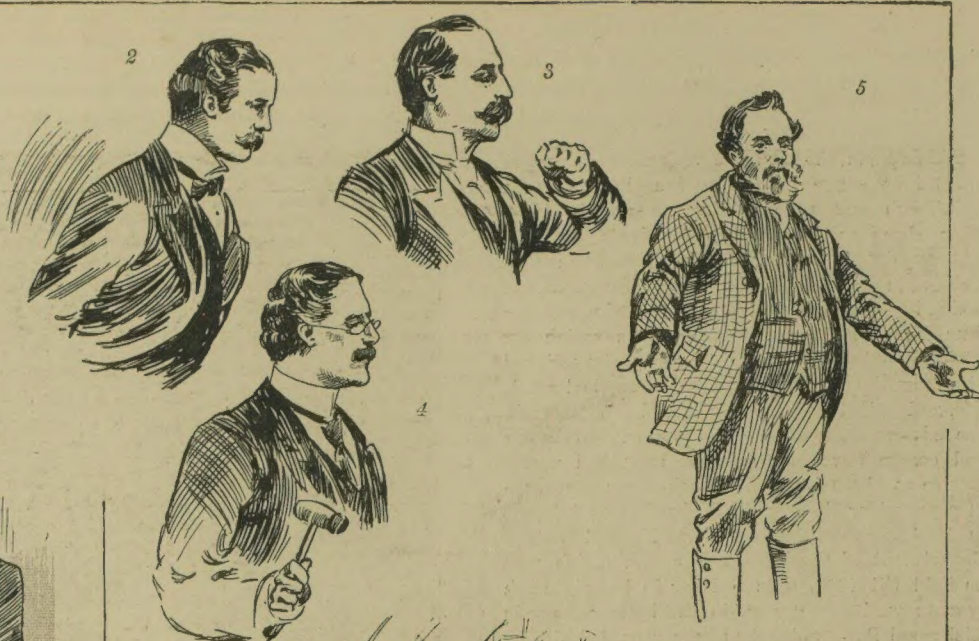
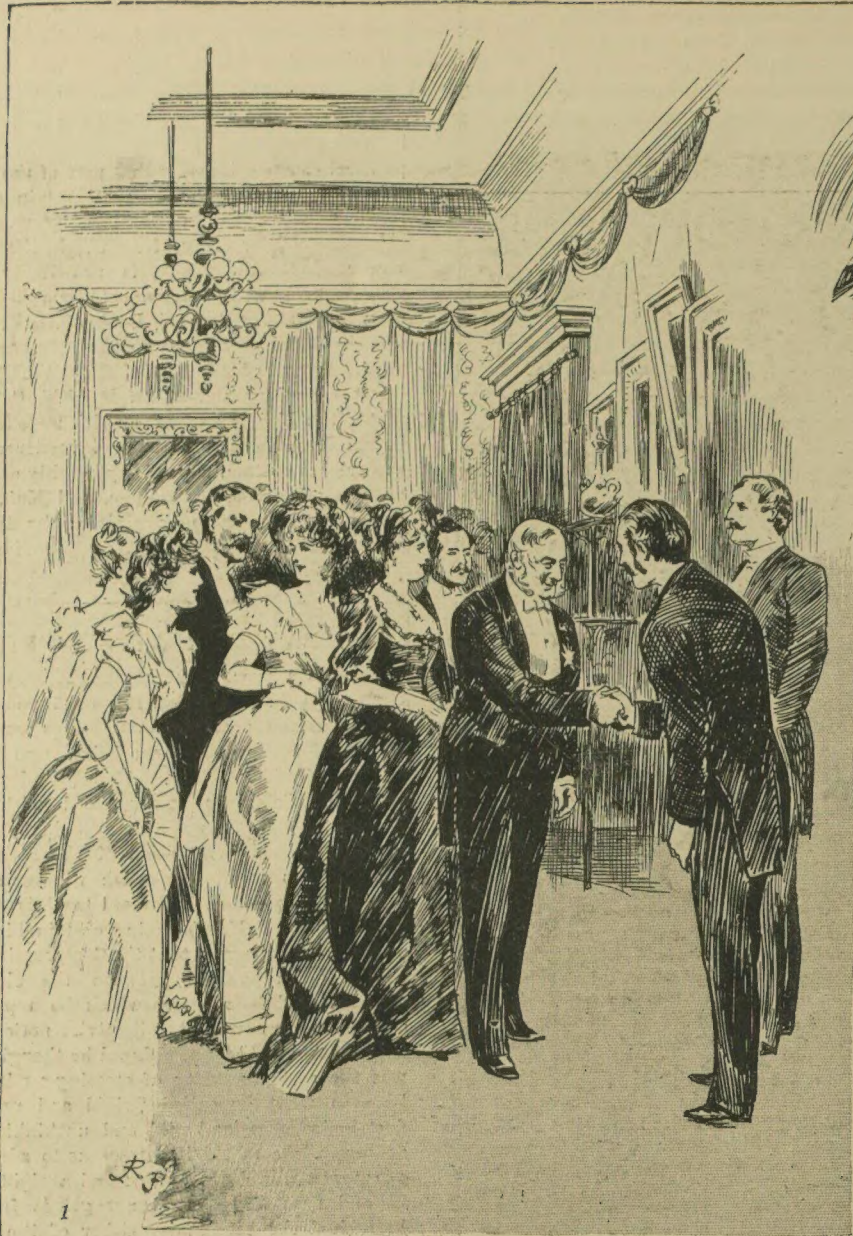
morning to see what Santa Claus has brought them. They are hand-in-hand. The elder child, with bare shoulders and wearing a rough red petticoat, is coming boldly forward, gazing at the objects ranged on the floor; the younger, still in her night-dress, appears more timid, and is glancing up to her left towards a wall where hangs a jackdaw's cage, the stirring within which has doubtless caught the child's ear. Beneath the cage is a hardware dish holding water for the bird.



SHEEN LODGE, RICHMOND, WHERE SIR RICHARD OWEN DIED.

kin, contested with man the supremacy of the sites where now London and Paris stand. On such a man, to whose eminence no titular dignities can add, honours have been showered by learned bodies at home and abroad, and by the Universities whose portals so few among the men distinguished in science have entered, save to receive the honorary degrees conferred upon them for work to which, until recently, those institutions have given neither smiles nor support.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.



1. Sir Henry Watson's Reception.

5. Mr. John Cropley: "Excuse my uncollegiate style."

2. Lord Scarbrough.

6. A crowded corner of the hall.

3. Colonel Howard Vincent.

7. Mr. Balfour speaking in the Drill-Hall.

4. Mr. Stuart-Wortley.

MR. BALFOUR AT SHEFFIELD: MEETINGS OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF CONSERVATIVE AND CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATIONS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, PADDINGTON, DEC. 17: PRINCESS MAUD RECEIVING PURSES FOR THE CLARENCE WING.

PERSONAL.

The Earl of Portarlington, who died at Bournemouth on Dec. 17, in his sixty-first year, was the head of the family of Dawson-Damer, who were descended on the distaff side from the Damers of Chapel, in Devonshire, and whose ancestor, Joseph Damer, was an enthusiastic follower of Cromwell, who reposed the highest confidence in him, and entrusted to him upon several occasions missions of importance to Cardinal Mazarin. He also commanded a troop of horse in the Parliamentary army, and played so important a part in the Civil War that on the Restoration he deemed it prudent to sell his lands in the west of England and migrate to Ireland, where he died a bachelor at the advanced age of ninety-one, being succeeded in his estate by his nephew, whose descendants were created Earls of Dorchester. This title became extinct in 1808, and the estates passed to the Earl of Portarlington, whose grandfather had married a Damer in 1737. The late Earl succeeded his cousin in the title but a year or two ago.

The family of Abdy, the head of which, Sir William Abdy, Bart., was a somewhat prominent figure last week in the court for the trial of matrimonial causes, is of very considerable antiquity, deriving its surname from Abdy, in Yorkshire. Early in the seventeenth century the founder of the fortunes of the present house left Yorkshire for London, where he prospered in commerce, and became an alderman and a staunch supporter of the Stuarts. Each of his three sons, Thomas, Robert, and John, was a Cavalier who did good service for the Royalist cause, and each was rewarded with a baronetcy. Sir John's title died with him, Sir Robert's became extinct in 1759, and Sir William Abdy, of Felix Hall, who was the last male descendant of the eldest son, Thomas, died in 1868, when that title became extinct also. The present baronet's father, the late Sir Thomas Abdy, was a descendant of the Rev. Thomas Rutherford, who married an Abdy, and assumed the name and arms in 1779. Sir Thomas was created a baronet in 1850. The Abdy family has thus had four separate baronetcies conferred upon it in two hundred years, a probably unique instance in the history of England's titled families.

Archbishop Vaughan has at last received an official intimation of his long-expected Cardinalate. The new Cardinal will wear his honours with dignity and strength. He has already made a very considerable impression on London life, though he can, perhaps, hardly expect to rival the peculiar influence which his predecessor at Archbishop's House enjoyed. He has taken an active interest in social movements, and his tact, suavity, knowledge of the world, and interest in educational questions are all serving him in excellent stead both with the Catholic and non-Catholic world. His elevation to the dignity which Manning wore with such grace will be generally welcomed by all sections of his countrymen.

Not a coal-gas explosion but a fire, by which sixteen persons were killed, took place on Dec. 14 at the Bamfurlong Colliery,

near Wigan, Lancashire, belonging to Messrs. Cross, Tetley, and Co. It was caused by the accidental upsetting of a paraffin lamp in the engine-house, and the burning of the woodwork at the top of a tunnel far from the pit bottom. There were a hundred and fifty men and lads in the pit, most of whom escaped alive; while those found dead were suffocated, apparently, by the smoke from the fire and by the stoppage of the supply of fresh air through the main roads to the workings. Nearly eight hours passed before it was possible to explore that part and to attempt a rescue, as the fire was still burning. Mr. Hutchinson, the manager of No. 2 pit, who exerted himself bravely for this purpose, was stricken down three or four times, and was removed in an exhausted condition.



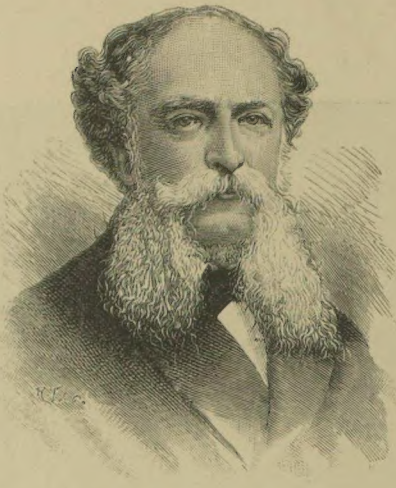
MR. J. W. HUTCHINSON.

Mr. H. Morse Stephens, who is about to succeed Mr. William Digby in the editorship of *India*, is well known as a lecturer on Indian History at Cambridge. He has made many excellent contributions to literature, especially on the history of the French Revolution. In the compilation of certain of Sir W. W. Hunter's books on India, Mr. Stephens is understood to have assisted the distinguished historian. *India* will be largely reconstructed, although continuing to advocate various reforms in the Government of that Empire.

"A mighty hunter," a colonist who probably knows Mashonaland better than any other living white man, arrived in Plymouth from South Africa on Dec. 17, by the Hawarden Castle, in the person of Mr. F. S. Selous. For nearly a quarter of a century Mashonaland has been his "happy hunting-ground," and wild South Africa, its tribes, its beasts, and its byways are familiar to him. For the last eight years, ever since the Chartered Company entered into possession of their territories, Mr. Selous has assisted them with marvellous ability in the tremendous undertaking of constructing roads. His knowledge should prove invaluable just now to the vast number of persons who are interested in things South African. Mr. Selous has a well cultivated farm within four miles of Salisbury, and he speaks in the highest terms of the possibilities of the soil for farming operations.

The death of the Rev. Edward William Whately removes the only son of Archbishop Whately, and a clergyman who might have attained high distinction but for an overpowering diffidence. Mr. Whately was born at Halesworth in 1823, and was educated at Rugby, under Arnold, and at Christ Church. He early suffered much from ill-health, and did nothing at the University. He was ordained in 1849, and went to a Herefordshire curacy, and subsequently he followed his father to Ireland. Some years ago he removed to Littleton, near Chertsey, but he had long been allowed to reside elsewhere. A man of singularly gentle and retiring disposition, he nevertheless made many friends in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, where of late he resided, and he did good service for some of the Evangelical societies. His best known book is the "Personal Glances of Remarkable People."

The newly formed London Chamber of Arbitration has begun operations, and promises to do good work in the settlement of trade disputes in the Metropolis. It has a good organization, the special object of which is, briefly, to come to speedy decisions at very small cost. Thus it will be possible to have a dispute settled by the Chamber within a few hours of the agreement to refer it, and the cost will not exceed £3 3s. One especially useful feature



MR. HENRY CLARKE.

of the Chamber is that it will be accessible every day of the year, bank holidays and Sundays excepted, and that it allows itself no vacation, "long" or "short." Moreover, it will be a thoroughly representative institution. It is under the management of the London Corporation and the Chamber of Commerce, and it has attached to it a body of lay arbitrators representing nearly every trade and industry in the Metropolis. It has a competent and experienced chairman in Mr. Henry Clarke, who largely originated the scheme. Mr. Clarke is a member of the Corporation and of the London County Council, and he has done solid and useful service on the latter body in connection with street improvements.

The retirement of the Premier of Quebec and the resignation of his Ministry must not be supposed to foreshadow a relapse into the methods of government which last year brought French Canada into such ill-repute. The Hon. Charles Eugène Boucher de Boucherville—the French-Canadian of good social standing revels in an abundant patronymic—is in his seventy-second year, and has earned retirement. He was a Cabinet Minister a quarter of a century ago, and the Premier of his native province nearly twenty years ago, and now that his high character and moderating counsel have helped to tide over the crisis which succeeded the overthrow of Mercierism and all its ways, there is no need to keep him in a position for which he never had any keen desire. The new Premier, the Hon. Louis Olivier Taillon, is, like Mr. de Boucherville, one of the best types of the French Canadian, and while he has youth and abundant vigour on his side—he is barely fifty years of age—he has seen enough service to make him a safe successor to the Premiership, especially as he will probably be able to count upon the help of most of the members of the late Ministry.

The ranks of the fathers of the Canadian Confederation are showing sad gaps, and now that Sir Adams Archibald has joined the majority only ten remain out of the thirty-one who, sitting within sight of the plains where France lost her last footing on American soil, framed the Constitution under which Canada flourishes as a compact British State from Atlantic to Pacific. Sir Adams was never a keen partisan. Indeed, it was as the leader of the Opposition in the Nova Scotia Legislature that he took part in the Confederation movement initiated by his political rival of those days, Dr. (now Sir Charles) Tupper; and all through his long and useful career it was in his semi-judicial rather than in his purely political positions that he showed to most advantage. As Solicitor-General and Attorney-General for his native province of Nova Scotia, Privy Councillor for the Dominion, Judge in Equity for Nova Scotia, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and Lieutenant-Governor for two consecutive terms of Nova Scotia, he saw most of the experience that Canadian public life can give, and he made good use of his administrative ability. Some few years ago he retired to a large extent from the public eye, but his distinguished services will always entitle him to a place among Canada's best statesmen.

Sir Gerald Portal may be congratulated on the appointment of Colonel Rhodes, Major Owen, and Mr. Berkeley as members of the staff which will accompany him on his difficult mission to Uganda. All of them have had considerable experience in Africa. Colonel Rhodes, who is a brother of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, distinguished himself not only in the campaign in the Soudan in 1884, but in the Nile expedition which immediately succeeded it, where he acted as A.D.C. to the late Sir Herbert Stewart. He was at Genarjah in 1888, and has the Distinguished Service Order for his services in Egypt. Mr. E. J. Berkeley was for nearly seven years Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, where he had the advantage of serving under Sir John Kirk; quite recently he has acted as administrator of the East Africa Company's territory; while Major E. R. Owen earned considerable distinction in the early part of the present year in the expedition to the Gold Coast.

Mr. Charles Morley, the editor of the *Pall Mall Budget*, has produced an entertaining Christmas number, devoted largely to a new kind of adventurous story—new, that is to say, in the sense of being mainly true. It is called "Round the Camp Fire," and is a group of tales by famous explorers and "men of daring." Thus Mr. Stanley sketches one of his model Somali boys, called Dualla, who seems to have been a pocket combination of all black virtues; Dr. Nansen pictures an exciting Polar bear hunt, spent half on the ice and half in the water—with the bear; Mr. Theodore Bent gives a realistic sketch of his earlier explorations in Mashonaland and his relations with the fat, sleepy natives; and there are some good hunting stories from Tibet and Alaska. Lady Granby continues her pretty sketches of her own children, and there is a new song with music. Mr. Morley, who, by-the-way, is a nephew of the Irish Secretary, will shortly transfer his very valuable services from the *Budget* to the weekly journal associated with the enterprise in which Mr. Newnes, M.P., and Mr. Morley's old editor, Mr. E. T. Cook, are to have a share.

"The Three Towns," Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, have lost a well-known and popular naval-veteran in the person of Staff-Commander Francis Bateman, one of the few survivors of Navarino, who died recently. He was born in 1810, and was a master's assistant on board the *Genoa*, whose commander, the gallant Commodore Bathurst, was killed when Navarino was fought. In 1841, on board the *Carysfort*, he took part in the operations on the coast of Syria, and was present at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre. Later he

commanded the *Nereus*, the store-ship at Valparaiso, for several years, and during the Crimean campaign he was in charge of the transport service at Deptford. As secretary of the Royal Sailors' Home at Devonport he for many years after his retirement evinced an active interest in the service with which he had so long been connected.

There was a certain appropriateness in arranging that the one-hundredth exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery should be devoted to the works of Mr. Arthur Severn. Mr. Ruskin's influence has, perhaps, been more conspicuous than any other person's in so many of the exhibitions held in these rooms, and it was, therefore, the best recognition of that influence to celebrate such an occasion by a collection of works by Mr. Ruskin's kinsman. Whatever opinion may be held of Mr. Severn's technique, it is impossible not to see in it the results of much of Mr. Ruskin's teaching. There is the love of accurate detail, the horror of scamped work, and the love of nature which we should expect from one who had lived in the master's company. At times, too, we find that Mr. Severn reaches something higher in his treatment of mountains and clouds, especially of the Lake country, and those who wish to see him at his best should study carefully such scenes as the sunset over Coniston "Old Man," the view from Marshall's House in the same district, or the fine cloud effect over Wetherlam, as seen from Esthwaite Water. Among foreign scenes, Amiens, with its cathedral and canals, its poplar-planted river-side, and quaint wooden houses, has the most permanent attraction for Mr. Severn; but in the view of the



BARGES (COAL STRIKE) WAITING TO BE UNLOADED.

From the Exhibition of Mr. Arthur Severn's Water Colour Drawings.

Bay of Uri looking towards Fluellen, the entrance to Loch Torridon, the fine expanse of horizon behind Cannes, or the storm effect on Lake Como, he has aimed higher and at a more difficult ideal with exceptional success. Perhaps one of the most interesting of the exhibits is that of an incident relating to a coal-strike, which we reproduce.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Mayall, Piccadilly, for our portrait of Mr. G. P. Field; to Mr. W. S. Bradshaw, Newgate Street, for that of Mr. H. Clarke; and to Mr. Millard, of Wigan, for that of Mr. Hutchinson and the View of the Bamfurlong Colliery. We are also indebted to Messrs. Frith, of Regate, for Views of Liverpool which appeared in our issue of Dec. 10.

THE CLARENCE MEMORIAL WING, ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

(See preceding page.)

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Princess Maud, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, on Saturday, Dec. 17, laid the foundation-stone of the Clarence Memorial Wing of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, named in memory



MR. G. P. FIELD.

of his son, the lamented Duke of Clarence. His Royal Highness presented prizes to the medical students, and Princess Maud received gifts of money, purses, and cheques towards the building fund; the Prince of Wales gave £1000. The Duke of York is president of the hospital. The new Clarence Memorial Wing will cost £100,000. An address from the governors was read by Mr. George P. Field, chairman of the Reception and Extension Committee, aural surgeon to this hospital and dean of the Medical School. Dr. Broadbent, who is physician to this hospital, has been the medical attendant of the Prince's family upon occasions not likely to be forgotten. The Duke of York, as his father said, feeling grateful to Dr. Broadbent last year for his care in a long and serious illness, accepted the office of president. Mr. Field, by-the-way, was educated at St. Mary's Hospital, where he was appointed aural surgeon in 1874.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen attended on Dec. 14 the annual service in memory of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice on the anniversary of their deaths. The Bishop of Rochester, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, performed the service in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. Six lines by Tennyson, commencing, "The face of Death is towards the Sun of Life," formed the special anthem. On Saturday, Dec. 17, her Majesty left Windsor for Osborne, where Christmas will be spent. The *World* states that it is not the intention of the Queen to hold any more Drawing-Rooms personally, but Princess Christian will hold two on behalf of her Majesty in March.

The Prince of Wales presided on Dec. 20 at the first general meeting of the Royal Naval Fund, of which the total sum invested amounts to £47,000.

The Duke of Connaught paid his first visit to Bournemouth on Dec. 19, and took part in more than one public function. In the evening, he delivered a speech to the Volunteers in his most genial style.

The Duke of York opened, on Dec. 15, the Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital, and afterwards, with the Prince of Wales, bade farewell to the Crown Prince of Roumania, who left for Coblenz. He visited Sir Edward Lawson, at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, in company with the Prince of Wales. As President of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the Duke took part in the ceremony noticed above.

Princess Christian assisted at a concert on Dec. 15 in Windsor in aid of her Trained Nurses' Fund, playing Bach's piano concerto in D minor. She also sang with her daughter in the choruses given on that occasion.

Mr. Gladstone has gone to Biarritz for a three-weeks holiday, leaving the majority of the Cabinet still unacquainted with his Home Rule scheme. This apparent anomaly is due to the system practised by all Cabinets. An important measure is prepared by a committee, and when it is drafted it is submitted to the Cabinet as a whole. A vote is then taken upon its provisions, and this proceeding may, of course, have important consequences. If the Prime Minister were outvoted he would break up the Government, and it sometimes happens that a member of the Cabinet resigns if he finds himself totally unable to go with the majority. There is nothing unusual in the present stage of the Home Rule Bill. It has been drafted by the committee, and on Mr. Gladstone's return it will be discussed at a full meeting of the Cabinet.

This situation has prompted Opposition papers to suggest that the Bill will never pass the Cabinet at all, and that when Parliament meets Mr. Gladstone will be obliged to confess that he has no Bill and no policy. This, however, is incredible. The committee who have framed the Home Rule measure are understood to be unanimous as to its provisions. Some words dropped by Mr. Morley have been construed to mean that the Bill will be found quite unsatisfactory to both sections of the Irish party. One story is that Mr. Gladstone has used the New Zealand Constitution of 1852 as the basis of his plan. This would mean the creation of four Provincial Councils for Ireland, with a central body in Dublin, to be called a Senate. There is at present no reason to suppose that this particular surmise is correct, though the creation of a Provincial Council for Ulster might have an attraction for Mr. Gladstone as a salve to the irritation of that province against Home Rule.

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith made speeches at the first meeting of the London Reform Union. The chief point of the Foreign Secretary's address was his argument for the "unification" of the Metropolis—that is, for the absorption of the City Corporation in the County Council. Lord Rosebery hinted that if the Government should live long enough they would undertake this enterprise. The City has heard this threat before. It was made by Sir William Harcourt in the Parliament of 1880. It was made, as Lord Rosebery observed, by Lord Brougham fifty years ago. But the rise of the County Council makes it more serious, perhaps, than it has hitherto been, and the Corporation must buckle on its armour.

At last something like an agreement has been made between the two Irish parties. The Paris funds are to be released, on the understanding that about £14,000 shall be spent in the satisfaction of "prior claims." The balance, which is said to amount to £21,000, is to be divided among the evicted tenants by Messrs. Davitt, Dillon, and Harrington. This settles one of the most thorny questions in Irish politics, but there are plenty more.

Lord Rowton has embarked on an interesting social experiment by opening a model lodging-house at Vauxhall. The building, which is large enough to hold nearly five hundred people, is designed for the use of men, who will be charged sixpence a night for a bed, and who will have in addition all the appliances of cleanliness. Sixpence is said to be rather a high price for the particular class Lord Rowton wishes to benefit, and fourpence is supposed to be the average payment for a "doss." But there is reason to hope that the Vauxhall hotel for the poor has a future. It success would certainly pave the way for the municipal lodging-house, which has been tried with encouraging results in Glasgow.

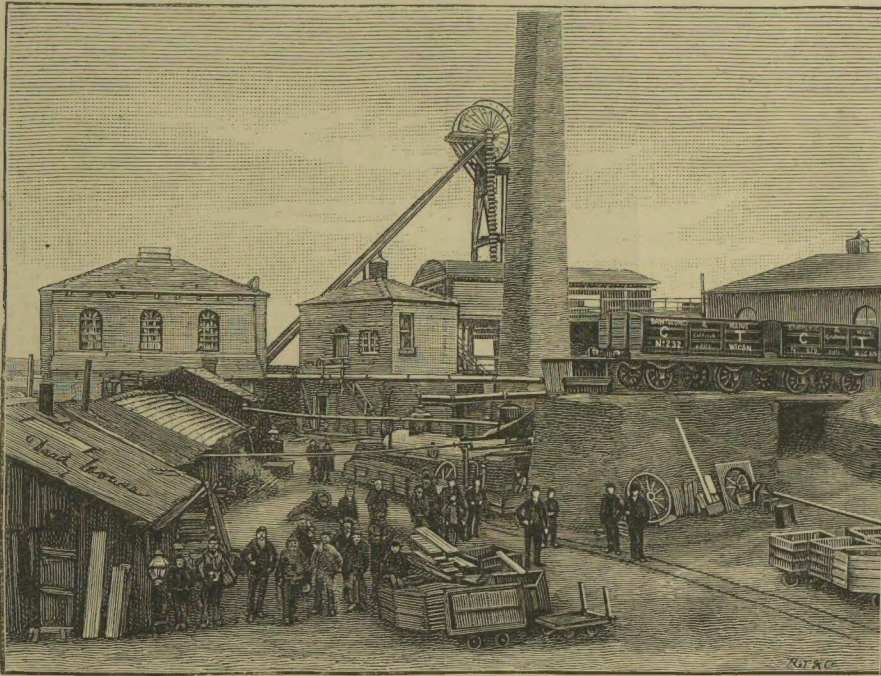
The committee which, under the presidency of Sir Henry James, has been inquiring into the operations of "General" Booth's "Darkest England" scheme has reported very strongly in his favour. In the course of a very long and exhaustive statement the committee offers some suggestive criticism, especially upon the initial outlay. But anything like fraud or incapacity on "General" Booth's part is repudiated, and the writers who have assailed the Salvation Army with so much bitterness will find small comfort in this report. There is no doubt that the inquiry has been thorough, so it will not do for the enemies of "General" Booth to assert that the members of the committee have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked.

Dr. Scott Sanders, the founder of the Lyric Club, has been sentenced to six years' penal servitude. Attention is called to the contrast between this sentence and the good fortune of a certain Dr. Collins, who was also convicted of forgery. He was released by the late Common Serjeant, Sir William Charley, on his recognisances "to come up for judgment when called upon." This virtually means that a convicted forger was unconditionally released. Dr. Scott Sanders had not the luck to be tried before Sir William Charley. He was shown to have started a

gigantic speculation with inadequate means, and to have met his liabilities by repeatedly forging Lord Londesborough's signature to bills which were discounted by a money-lender. The money-lender is a good many thousands of pounds out of pocket, a circumstance which may have a certain interest for other people who have had dealings with him.

The suppression of the "missing word" gambling has raised a curious question as to the disposal of the money subscribed for one competition alone. This amounts to no less a sum than £24,000. The winners clamour for their gains, and the unsuccessful demand the return of their shillings. A judge in Chancery has ordered the money to be paid into court, where it ought to offer a pleasing temptation of pickings to the lawyers. The idea that the money should be distributed among the successful competitors is, of course, preposterous, though it is impossible to predicate anything of the law, which, as somebody once remarked with great force, is an ass. The really sensible thing would be to apply the fund to the purposes of technical education.

Mr. Rider Haggard has given a diverting account of a proposal that he should use the ashes of a certain "Dom Castro" as the basis of a romance. To bring the point forcibly home, the supposed ashes were sent to him by parcel post. They were said to have been found in "some old furniture," presumably a secret drawer in a bureau. Imagine the murder and cremation of a mysterious personage, the concealment of the ashes in the drawer, and their subsequent adventures leading to the detection of the murderer! However, Mr. Rider



THE DISASTER AT BAMFURLONG COLLIERY, NEAR WIGAN: GENERAL VIEW.

Haggard declined to imagine anything of the kind, and the idea is now at the disposal of any lady or gentleman who wants a plot for a "shilling shocker."

Some burglars had a fine haul at Leigh Court, where they made off with Lady Miles's jewellery, valued at thirty thousand pounds. The skill of the jewellery thief has now reached a pitch of perfection which, unfortunately, is not rivalled by the skill of the police.

The political and social crisis in Paris, occasioned by the prosecution of the Panama Ship Canal Company Directors, and by the action of the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, taking that affair out of the hands of the proper judicial tribunal, has been made the ground of alarmist rumours detrimental to public confidence in the stability of the Republic. It has been supposed that President Carnot would resign, leaving the State without a head, if the Ministry of M. Ribot were defeated and overthrown by a hostile majority of the Chamber. This was probably the intention and expectation of the Royalist and Boulangist factions. M. Rouvier, the late Minister of Finance, had resigned office in order to give evidence to the committee with regard to his last interviews with the deceased Baron Reinach.

A renewed debate in the Chamber, on Dec. 15, upon M. Pourquerey de Boissere's Bill for giving extraordinary powers to the committee, in which M. Brisson, the leader of the assailants of Government, was firmly opposed by M. Ribot and M. Bourgeois, resulted in the narrow Ministerial majority of six votes, 271 to 265. The Ministry next morning showed its determination, at considerable risk, to exercise all the legal powers vested in Government for bringing accused persons to a regular trial, by ordering the arrest and imprisonment of M. Charles de Lesseps, M. Henri Cottu, M. Marius Fontanes, and M. Sans Leroy, who are indicted for the offence of corrupting public functionaries in the matter of the Panama Canal lottery and loans. Those gentlemen, except M. Henri Cottu, who was at Vienna, but has since returned to Paris, and will undergo his trial with them, were immediately arrested at the instance of the Public Prosecutor. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, that legal official, who is styled "Procureur-Général," demanded of the Senate and the Chamber a suspension of Parliamentary privileges in the cases of five Senators and five Deputies, who are summoned to undergo a judicial examination. These include M. Rouvier, who was Premier in 1887 and late Finance Minister; M. Jules Roche, the late Minister of Commerce; and three other ex-Ministers, Messrs. Devès, Thevenet, and Proust; M. Albert Grévy, once Governor of Algeria, and M. Léon Renault, once Prefect of Police. It would be premature to state that there is substantial evidence of political or official corruption, but it seems clear that money was lavishly distributed among finance agents and proprietors of some Paris newspapers to buy their assistance to the company's desperate schemes, in 1886 and 1888, for averting total ruin. The aged and enthusiastic originator of the grand project, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, is left personally unmolested at his country house, being in a state of mental health which prevents his knowing what goes on; and few people, if any, believe him to have been guilty of unworthy practices, though immense losses have accrued from putting faith in his sanguine and imaginative visions. The whole affair is disastrous, and in its latter phases appears rather scandalous, but we must reserve our judgment of its political importance.

The German Imperial Diet on Dec. 15 adjourned for the Christmas holidays, after appointing a large committee, proportionately representing each of the political parties, to examine the Government Army Bills, the fate of which seems very uncertain.

The International Monetary Conference at Brussels adjourned on Dec. 17, without any positive resolution upon the question of bimetallic currency, but recommending a careful study of the arguments and statistics brought before it; May 30 is appointed for its next meeting.

The Indian news of this week is reassuring with regard to Chitral, the small border State adjacent to the Kashmir dominion of Gilgit, near the Hunza and Yasin territory, and close to the Hindu Kush mountain range. The usurper, Sher Afzul, has been deposed and expelled by Nizam-ul-Mulk, who asks for British help, and Captain Younghusband, with a military escort, is on his way to the scene of action. In Upper Burma there have been fresh hostilities with the Kachins, to the east, and with the Chins, on the western side. There are bad reports of the crops in Madras.

From the United States of America we have a sad account of the cruel deception practised on eight hundred poor Dutchmen, who were persuaded by a fraudulent land company's agent to pay their money and emigrate to Colorado, where they find that they have no legal title to the land which they were to have purchased of the State. It is pleasant, however, to add that the generous American citizens of Alamos, headed by the Mayor, Mr. Johnson, are raising a subscription fund to relieve the destitute but industrious Hollanders, and propose even to buy the land for their secure occupation. X.

"TRUTH'S" TOYS:

(See next page.)

It is a very delightful sensation to step out of the fog and cold of a December evening into the dazzling colours of "Truth's Christmas Toy Show" at the Albert Hall. It is by far the most astonishing collection of toys that Mr. Labouchere's charming enterprise has ever got together, and the amount of simple human pleasure that it will represent when it is dispersed among the children in the hospitals is quite beyond calculation. The dolls are ranged in three giant, flag-crowned pyramids—tiers on tiers of dolls—a very kingdom of dolls, which only needs the wonder-working wand of a Hans Andersen to make them start into the most picturesque kind of doll life. The great show dolls—marvels of the doll-dressmakers' art—stand sentinel-like in front of the pyramids. There are Duchesses of Devonshire, Carmens, Prince Charmings, Red Riding Hoods, brides, princesses, eighteenth-century beauties, and what not. An outer circle of delights is stacked with all kinds of toys, from the oldest tin soldier to the newest tin omnibus. The animals have a place of honour on a kind of doll-platform, where tigers—as big as small mastiffs—roar at you, and well-grown donkeys, with Pierrots on their backs, bray at you, and giant baa-lambs bleat with unctuous realism. Under a glass case gleam the 11,000 sixpences, the gift of some anonymous "pious donor." Then there are the prizes for the best-dressed dolls, some of the handsomest of them being given by the Goldsmiths' Company. Altogether a delightful show, a marvel of clever arrangement, bright taste, and unselfish thought for young and suffering children.

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1. Peg. 2. Anne Boleyn. 3. "The Mountebanks": "Put a Penny in the Slot." 4. Costermonger. 5. Mr. Monkhouse in "The Mountebanks." 6. Sandwichman.
7. Dutch Fisherman. 8. Fishwife, Zuyder Zee. 9. Duchess of Devonshire. 10. Mistletoe. 11. The Introduction. 12. Welsh Peasant.

THE "TRUTH" TOY SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A LADDER OF SWORDS.

BY
GILBERT PARKER.



THE REV. FLOYD CALVERT, curate of St. Alban's Church, in the Canadian town of Marathon, was earnest and popular. But David Milton, churchwarden and money-lender, was his enemy. He had come from Floyd Calvert's native place in England; he had also proposed once for Nellie Ashford before she became the wife of this young presbyter. Perhaps there was some subterranean connection



Nellie Ashford.

between these things, because he had said when Nellie Ashford rejected him that he would bring Floyd Calvert "to his knees one day, as sure as Heaven." The wife never told her husband of this. Perhaps she did not think it necessary; but you cannot quite say why a woman does or does not do a certain thing; neither can she, very often. And David Milton went on hating, but very carefully, so that even the wife thought he had only spoken in vulgar pique.

So busy a man was the curate that a certain Christmas Eve came and he had not touched pen upon his sermon. Approaching midnight found him writing, oblivious of the time, which was ticked away by a cuckoo-clock on the wall. As he neared the end of his task, he heard loud footsteps on the bare stairs without. He started. Once or twice the footsteps stumbled. They paused before the door. Then there was a knock—to the clergyman's nerves distressingly loud. He rose. The door opened. There entered a stalwart young man. At the first glance one saw that his features were like those of Floyd Calvert, at the second that they showed intoxication. But it was a merry, open face, for all that; some might say a powerful face, because the man was so physically powerful. He seemed to be quite unaware of the inappropriateness of his visit, conditioned as he was.

"Hello, Floydie!" he said, as he came to the coal-stove, scratched a match on it, and with ludicrous ostentation began to light a cigar.

"Good evening, Ross," was the suppressed and troubled reply.

"Been here before, Floydie. Had a visit all alone with the youngster. Got Nellie's note, and I'm coming to-morrow all right to feed. And I tell you what—tell you what, old boy—I'm going to sing in the choir to-morrow morning. See? That's what I'm going to do. Tell you what, I'll sing 'Nazareth.' You know how I used to sing 'Nazareth'?" Here he hiccupped slightly, and immediately began to hum, with drunken deliberation, "Though poor be the chamber"; but Floyd Calvert came forward quickly, with outstretched, reproving hand—

"Ross, Ross," he said, "don't do that, boy!"

The other stopped and looked at him with disjointed seriousness; then he, in turn, stretched out a fumbling hand, and said: "Floydie, tell you what, I'd go fifty miles to hear you preach—do it on my knees. But you can't sing 'Nazareth' like your younger brother. No, Siree! Tell you what—I'll make you happy, Floydie! I'll sing it—sing it to-morrow—like a bird!"

The clergyman was greatly vexed. He was over-worked. This visit had come upon him with an icy shock. His face was sore with sudden neuralgic pains. He said, with suppressed bitterness in his tone, "Make me happy to-night, Ross—go to your quarters and turn in."

"Forgot my key. People gone to bed. Can't make 'em hear. Hotels all shut. Going to stay here all night, Floydie." And he sat down on the sofa, scratched a match on the wall, and relighted his bad cigar.

"Ross, there is no empty bed."

"I'll sleep here, right here on this sofa. No trouble to anybody," and he threw up his feet and reclined full length.

The elder brother looked at him, as if about to speak, but finally turned away silent to his table, and, with a sigh, sat down.

"What's that you're sighing for, Floydie? Not for me, not sighing for me because I haven't a little bed to go to, eh? This room's good enough. This fire's good enough.

You're good enough. Don't you sigh for me, old brothe'—

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be!"—

The other begged him to stop.

"Eh? Well, all right, Floydie," he replied. "I won't sing it. Quiet, like a mouse, your reverence. Your rev— Ha! ha! funny now, how that strikes me—how 'your reverence' strikes me!" and Ross Calvert leaned back and laughed, not loudly but foolishly. Yet there was something more than foolishness in the sound. It had a sane and ironical suggestiveness. The clergyman bent to his work with compressed lips and growing weariness. There was silence for a few moments, only broken by the younger man blowing bits of cigar-leaf from his red discoloured lips and his frequent lighting of matches. In vain, however, did Floyd Calvert try to write. The sentences jarred; they were dull, his thought was inconclusive.

Had the fumes of a bad cigar and the aroma of many liquors clouded his brain too? Or was it merely trouble, merely grief, that this brother, whom his dead mother had so loved and given to his especial charge, had overwhelmed him with a general anxiety, and disturbed him by this cruel interruption when his thoughts were with the finest aspirations? He was growing more nervous. His brother's presence was torture. All the humiliation he had suffered, all the vexation Ross had caused him, came upon him here with distracting force. And now from the other gurgled another bit of that old college song which they had sung together in festive hours at St. Matt's. Floyd winced—was it at thought of the college days or of this present trouble?—as he heard the splendid and dissolute six-feet of humanity hilariously singing—

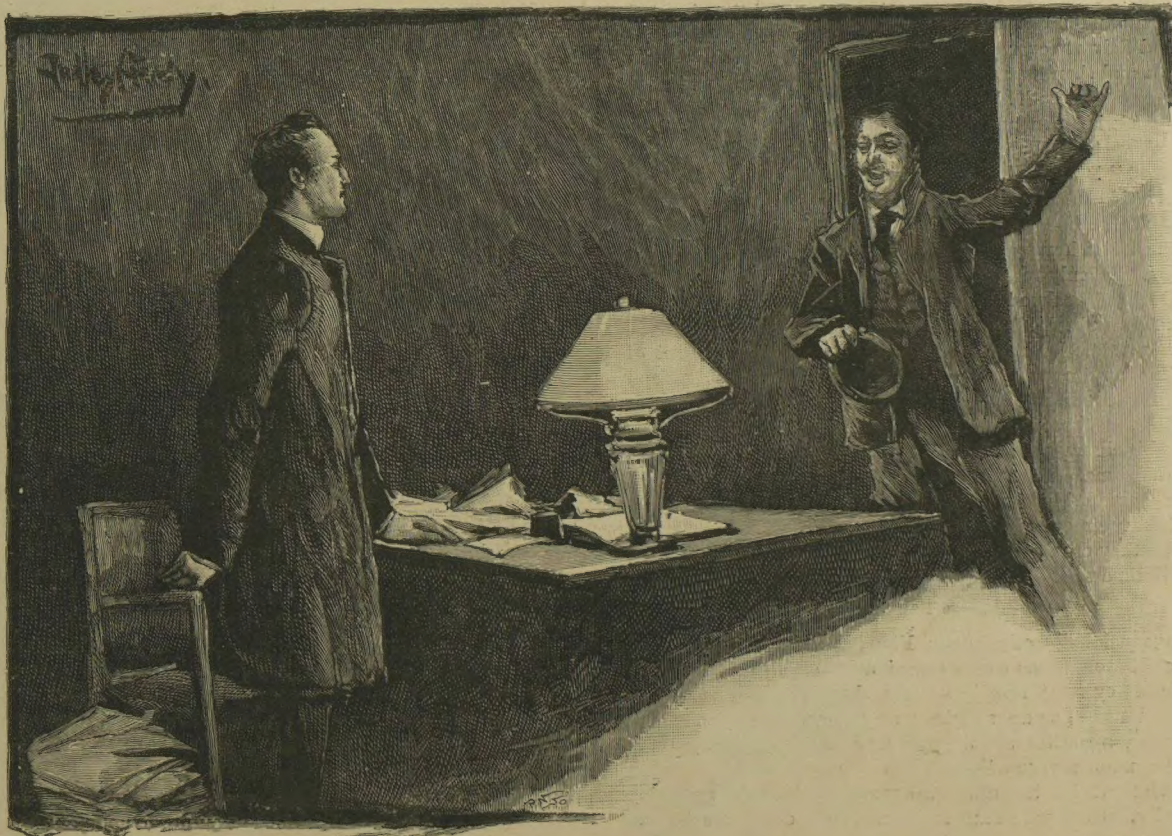
"Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it does run over;
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it does run over!"—

Floyd Calvert rose hurriedly, drew closely the curtain over the door leading into another room, and then said with bitter earnestness: "Ross, can't you understand that you are breaking my heart? Haven't you any regard for my position? any respect for me? . . . Do be quiet. Lie down and sleep. Here's a rug. Let me cover you."

The young man stood up, and with pompous gesture said: "Haven't I any respect for your position? No. Haven't I any respect for you? Yes. For your wife? Yes, yes. For your baby? Yes, yes, yes. Now, hush! and listen to me. I want two things" (here his voice sank to a whisper of silly confidence). "First, I want to see little Doe—little Dora. Come along and bring her out. I won't kiss her—not a kiss. I won't touch her. Want to look at her, that's all"; and his fingers opened and shut like those of a greedy child. He started towards the curtained door, saying, "Come on, Floydie."

But the other stepped before him, and said almost fiercely, "No, no! you shall not see her. Not one step farther!"

Ross put out his hands with an animal-like suddenness



He rose. The door opened. There entered a stalwart young man.

and an animal-like laugh, and lifted the other at arm's length from his feet. But the laugh as suddenly became human again, and, putting his brother down, he said, with good-humoured brag, "I could break you right in two, Floydie; but I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head—not a hair. As for Doc, that's all right. But there's the other thing—thing number two. My mouth's like sand-paper. I want one glass of brandy. Then I'll go to sleep—sleep like a baby, like a bye-o-baby—"

He that drinks good wine and bee:
And goes to bed mellow;
He that"

Vaguely aware of the suffering look in the face of the other, he paused, and said, "All right, all right; I'm mum, Floydie. I want one glass of brandy s-t-r-a-t-e, straight. One glass. It'll take the cotton out of my mouth."

There was a struggle in Floyd Calvert's mind. He shrank from feeding this curse, from giving poison to an already poisoned man. But if it would quiet him! He said anxiously, "If you get it, Ross, will you go to sleep?"

in the dirt, and when I am most in need of quiet you come to me with your drunken swagger, and"—

Again Ross interposed. "That's it: *swagger's* the word—Landlord, fill the flowing bowl."

Floyd Calvert opened the hall-door. He spoke angrily. "I have borne all I can. You shall stay no longer beneath my roof. The door is open. Go! . . . Go, I say!"

The harsh air of the night blew in. The stalwart ne'er-do-well rose from the sofa and steadied himself. The words

last, and they'll break your heart and spoil your life, if something doesn't happen. But the something? That's why I'm here. If it weren't that the hounds are out, I'd be on my way now to Mexico." He took a letter out of his pocket. "I wish I knew who wrote me this warning about it," he continued. "It was a woman—what woman? . . . So they've got the ring with the Calvert crest. Yes, yes; but I can take that trick in the ugly play. Floydie, you never gave her that ring of your free will, did you?—the ring I had made for you? I knew she'd be on your back like a tiger some day. I've been a thousand times further out of line; but I've had a longer head than you, Floydie—I never was a fool with women. But I'll save you and the wife and baby, if I can."

There were steps upon the stairs. He listened. He decided that they were not his brother's, and, unwilling to see anyone, went into another room, while the visitors were shown into the study. He drew the curtains softly between the two rooms, and listened. After a moment's pause, he said to himself: "Yes, there you are, Dave Milton; and there you are, churchwardens; and there you are, someone else!"

There was silence in the study for a moment, and then one churchwarden spoke. "I'd rather cut my hand off than do this thing, than even hint of it to him."

The second churchwarden added, "I can't believe it yet. If it wasn't that the thing is sure to come out, I'd wash my hands of the business and shut my eyes. It will ruin him."

Then Ross, with teeth hard set, heard Milton say, "For his own sake it is our duty to speak. It would have found him out sooner or later. He can't go on in a parish, of course. He is ruined."

There was another heavy silence, and then one of the churchwardens spoke thus to some person in the room: "You are quite sure about what she said before she died?"

The reply was in a woman's voice, brusque and terse: "I am not sure that she said anything. She was speechless when she was brought into the hospital. You have the ring and the paper; I have the child here. That is all I know. If you, Mr. Milton, hadn't been at the hospital that day, you'd have had neither the ring nor the paper if I could have prevented it. What the poor creature said to the doctor I didn't hear, and I didn't want to hear."

When the voice first began, Ross Calvert caught his breath and put his hand quickly to his pocket. "Kate Broome," he said, "it was you that wrote this. I'll not forget you for it—you're square."

At that moment steps sounded on the outer staircase. Presently the door opened, and Floyd Calvert and his wife entered. The clergyman started, then stood still, looking dazedly at the group. Ross drew the curtain slightly aside and watched. The wife stepped forward and bowed to the visitors, and then turned questioning to her husband, for he had not yet spoken. He said to her, in a constrained tone, but with no nervousness of manner, "Will you leave us alone, dear, for a little while? They have come on business." He had quickly caught the feeling of danger.

Ross stepped back as the husband drew aside the curtain for his wife to pass. He hoped she would not notice him; but



It drove him at last into the icy streets to look for his brother.

she did. She put her hand on his shoulder. "Oh, Ross! you have come back," she said. "What are these people after? Is there someone in trouble? Is it you?"

Ross told his falsehood very calmly. "Yes, Nellie, it is I. Go away for a little while, won't you?"

"Ross," she whispered, "can I do nothing for you—nothing?"

He looked down at her, and wondered if when next they met she would speak to him like that. Or would all her compassion be for her own self? He said, very solemnly, with a gulp in his throat: "Nellie, you can pray for all those who

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In a few moments his brother came back, bearing a glass of brandy-and-water.

"Like a lamb—like a little fleecy lamb of the Christian fold."

"Don't, don't talk like that," said the other, and he turned sadly towards the inner room.

"Well, then, a little wolf in lamb's clothing," said the other almost furtively.

Ross was not too stupefied to see his brother's hand clench at these words; and he shook his head, as if in melancholy contemplation, and, with rhetorical gestures deprecatingly addressed to some invisible thing, lit his cigar again.

In a few moments his brother came back, bearing a glass of brandy-and-water. Ross took it and smelt it. "That's all right," he hiccupped. "Tongue like blotting-pad. Floydie, here's to your sermon! Lift 'em, my boy, lift 'em. You can. You've a great head, Floydie. Look at me! I haven't a great head, but I've a great thirst and a big muscle. H'sh, h'sh! That's all right. What's your text, Floydie? I'll sing to-morrow. Here's to your preach and my sing!" He drank, and handed the glass back, saying, "Ah! that's the cream! Now you see me sleep!" And he threw himself on the sofa and closed his eyes.

Floyd Calvert covered him with a rug, looked at him for a moment, and then, turning once more to his work, whispered, "God forgive us both!"

He took his pen and began to write. There was silence for a short time, but presently the clock began to strike. "Cuckoo!" it said. It sounded weird and unnatural. This mechanical bird-note was starting in him something that stayed his pen and set upon his lips a smile so sadly, bitterly cynical that one would have said the man we saw but a moment before had been suddenly recast in the mould of life.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" and so on up to twelve. "How it brings that all back!" he said dejectedly.

Many a time he had wished that this wedding present of his wife were drowned in the bay at his door; but she was fond of it. Strange irony!

With the last sound of the clock the inebriate raised himself on his elbow, and said: "Floydie, that cuckoo's a devil. It's waked me. The cuckoos didn't do that at Fairfield—at the old home. They were angels there; little fallen angels that laid their eggs in other birds' nests. Here they don't warble—they croak. Never mind!" And he began to sing, keeping time with his hands—

"For to-night we'll merry, merry be."

Too much had worked upon Floyd Calvert's patience and senses. He rose to his feet, determination on his lips, indignation in his eyes. "Ross," he said sharply, "hear me. No more of that. You are as selfish as you are dissolute. Your own gross appetites are all you care for; you bring daily disgrace upon me, you"—

"Sh! sh!" the other interrupted; "don't speak so excitedly. Keep your stuff for to-morrow; don't practise on me, Floydie."

"I tell you I am in earnest. You make my home a bar-room. You saddle me with your debts, you drag my influence

had convincingly pierced the dulness of his brain. This sudden, this unusual act had given a shock to his comprehension sufficient for grasping this situation. The unbraced doublet of his mind was pulled together for an instant. He walked to the door. He had no overcoat. He put his bare hands into his pockets, and in the frosty wave upon the threshold shivered slightly. He looked at his brother with eyes that did not respond clearly to the understanding of the brain, and said: "This is your home. Yes. That's all right. Out there's the snow, and it's soft. And that's all right." Then he spread out his uncertain fingers on the breast of his brother, and laughed. "Snow in there, too, and maybe fire—never can tell. All—all right. Good-night, Floydie. I'm off."

He swung round, shivered again, stepped out, and descended the stairs. Up from the darkness of the cold hall-way there came his voice—

"Snow's all right. What's the matter with the snow? What's the matter with the fire? What's the matter with the cuckoo?"

Then the street-door shrieked in the frost, and he was gone, and Floyd Calvert was alone.

But conscience was with him now. It looked up with sneering lips from his sermon; it stared at him grotesquely from the face of the bronze figure holding the lamp-bowl; it cried out from the snapping chord of a violin in the corner—Ross's violin; it peeped from the dark covert in the clock, where the sham cuckoo hid itself; it struck at his heart; it beat at his hot temples; it drove him at last into the icy streets to look for his brother.

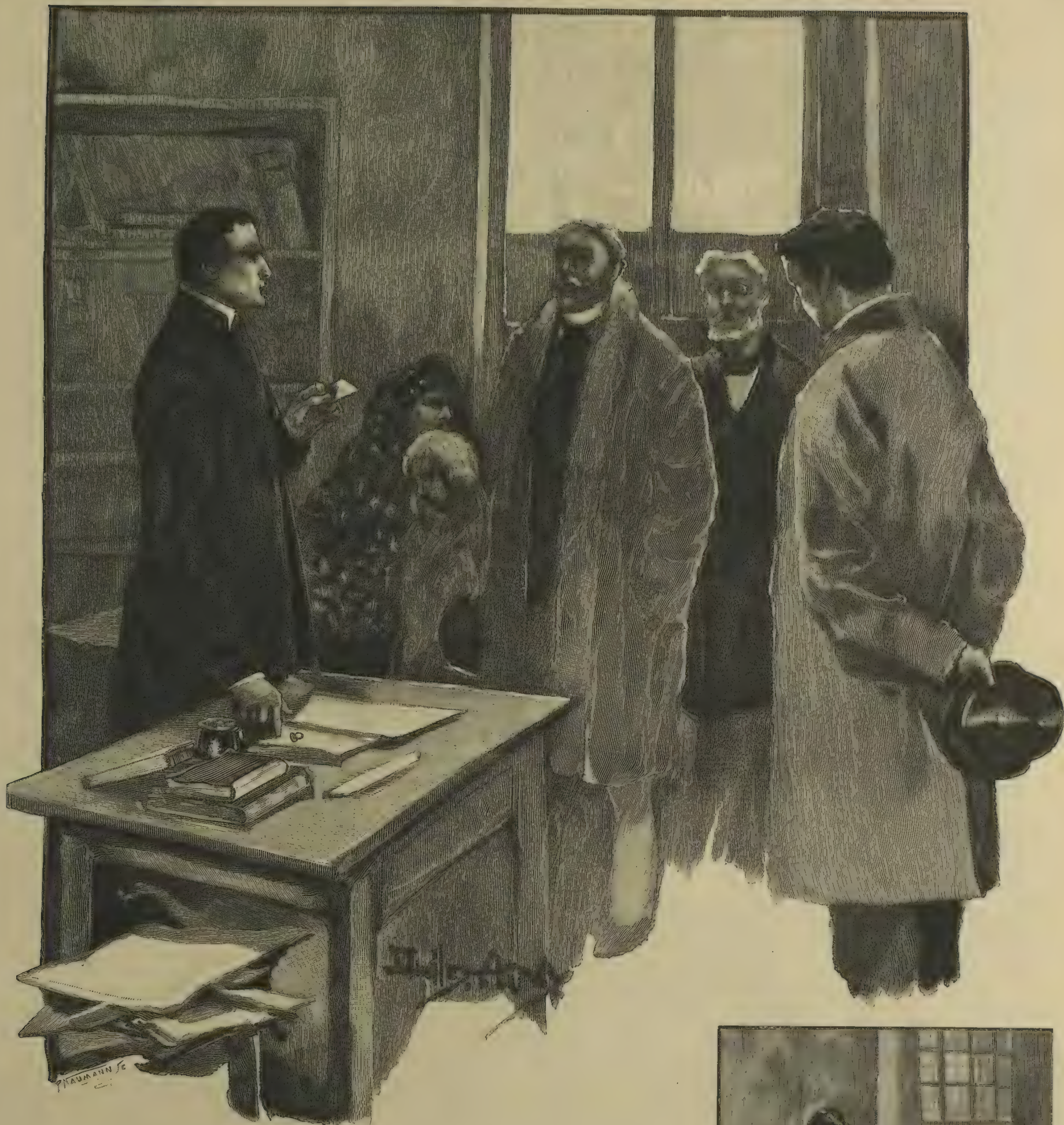
There was a crack of the frost-heaved pavement, the ghostly creak of signboards, and a faint refrain—coming from a distance—

"Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,"

but he could not trace it.

The bowl was filled for him. He had turned his brother into the homeless night. From street to street he went. There were no lights: the town was sleeping. His search seemed hopeless, but he would not go home. At last he stood before a dimly lighted building: it was a police-station. Here, in response to a hurried question, a cell-door was opened, and he was shown, wrapped in prisoner's blankets, his brother—the playmate of his childhood, his earliest, dearest friend. The cold compassion of the law had rescued the ne'er-do-well from the deadly night.

Two days after Ross Calvert, sober now and with a look of anxiety on his face, sat in his brother's study, waiting for him and his wife to return from a visit they were making. As he sat by the fire brooding, he caught sight of a portrait of himself and his brother on the wall, taken when they were years younger and just before Floyd had donned clerical garb. He shook his head sadly. "Floyd, old pal," he said to the portrait, "it was all right then—not a break in the gauge, not a puzzle in the game. But you got that secret into your life, and it's eating the heart out of you—it and your miserable brother Ross. It came between us—you never kept anything from me before that. And we came out here, and you married, and still you aren't happy, because you've got the white ant in the wood. And they're trailing your secret at



"Gentlemen, you have come on some important matter, I suppose?"

have wandered into 'by and forbidden paths.' It was strange that in this moment of family peril there came to his memory and his lips the words his father constantly used in far-off days at morning prayer. "Please go, Nellie," he added. With tears in her eyes she whispered, "Poor Ross! Poor boy!" and then she was gone.

He turned to see, through the parted curtains, his brother standing by the writing table, outwardly calm, his visitors seated. Floyd Calvert said: "Gentlemen, you have come on some important matter, I suppose?" He did not look towards the child. He had only given one piercing glance in that direction. The churchwardens turned to David Milton, and he, with cheerless incisiveness, said: "We have come on an important matter, Mr. Calvert. Two nights ago the chief of police found a woman freezing in the streets. With her was a child, which she had sheltered in her cloak at the cost of her own life—for she is dead." He paused, fixing an unpleasant look on Floyd Calvert's face; but the latter stirred no muscle. He went on—

"At the hospital she refused to give her name or to say where she came from—that is, she refused to write it, for she could not speak. I was passing through the ward. I chanced to see her. I recognised her as a girl from the village of Fairfield—your old home, Mr. Calvert. . . . Perhaps you remember when Lucy Summers disappeared. I urged her to tell why she had come out here. She pointed to the child. I asked her if she was married; she gave me to understand not. I asked her who was the child's father"—

Here Milton paused impressively, and Ross, with great

satisfaction, saw that his brother's face, usually so sensitive to impression, was impassive now. His eyes were, however, fixed unwaveringly on the speaker.

Milton continued: "She would not answer me. But before she died last night she wrote a name upon a paper and gave the doctor a ring upon her finger to go with it." He paused.

"And you come to me for what?" Floyd calmly replied.

"We come to ask you to read the name upon the paper, to see the crest upon the ring—to give the child a father."

"Oh! Sir," broke in one of the churchwardens. "Oh! Mr. Calvert, for God's sake, say that this is a mistake—a horrible mistake!"

The clergyman reached out his hand silently for the paper and the ring. At that moment he saw the curtain open. David Milton saw the same. They both thought it was the wife, and Milton, raising his voice, said: "The name upon the paper is Calvert, the crest upon the ring is the Calvert crest"—here he caught the little one's arm so fiercely that a moan came from the lips of the waif, and thrust it forward, "and the child"—

"The child—is mine," said a stalwart man with flashing eyes, as he stepped into the room. "You have given the child its father." He drew it to his knees. He caught the ring and paper from the hand of his brother. He tore up the paper. Then he wrenched the top of the ring and exposed a surface under the movable crest. "Read that aloud," he said to one of the churchwardens. A slight pause, and the official read: "With Ross Calvert's love."



He was shown, wrapped in prisoner's blankets, his brother.

"And now," Ross said, as he went to the door and threw it open, "now let the snake out. . . . There is only one snake here," he continued, as the churchwardens looked painfully confused. "David Milton, the cold side of this door is your place. Crawl: and leave this home in peace—you devil!"

The foiled man did as he was bid, and Ross Calvert said to him as he passed: "You hurt my child's arm. Look out that 'drunken Ross Calvert,' as you call him, doesn't hurt your throat some day!"

He left the door open. Then he turned and caught up the child to his breast. As he did so he saw that Floyd's wife was standing in the room. Her eyes were on him with such a look of amazed pain and shrinking as only a woman can give in such a case, before she has recovered from the first shock of knowledge. She was a mother, with a little child that this man had fondled!

But Ross smiled. His heart was big with conquest. He had saved his brother. The child put its arms about his neck. Without stretching forth a hand, he said, "Good-bye, Floydie, I'll come back when I've got some of the long score wiped out—when I'm not such a disgrace to you. Good-bye!" He stepped out quickly, looking towards the wife as he shut the door. She stood for a moment as if in a dream, and then she started forward, crying, "Ross, Ross, say good-bye to me!"

But he was gone.

Two years later Floyd Calvert is at his desk again, but not in the same study where we first saw him. He had been offered, and had accepted, one of the most important parishes in the diocese. His friends urged him to take the step. He would have two curates to assist him. At Marathen he had



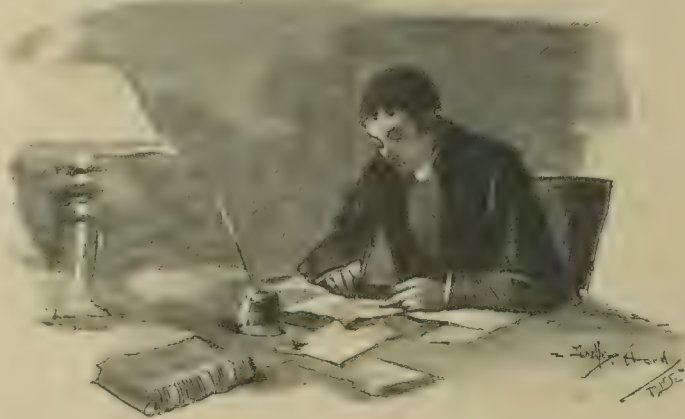
He drew the curtains softly, and listened.

grown very pale and thin. Hard work, the people said; and grief because of his brother, they whisperingly added.

When the Bishop saw, with what hesitation and humility Floyd Calvert accepted the larger charge, he sighed with satisfaction, and said to himself that at last he had found a right-hand man, devoted, brilliantly endowed, and spiritually worthy. He determined on more promotion. And now the young clergyman is reading a letter from his lordship offering him an archdeaconship and the post of Examining Chaplain. He puts the paper from him once or twice as he comes upon some fine appraisal of his work, some token of his lordship's fatherly pride in him. He has changed much, one sees, as he sits there, and his hair is slightly grey.

He takes up a pen after a long silence and nervelessness, and begins to write; but, after a few words, pauses. "No," he says aloud, "I will do it to-morrow. I will decline. The higher I go the deeper is the hurt, the harder it is." Then he leaned his forehead in his hand and thought.

So absorbed was he that he did not see a figure in the summer moonlight at the open window. He did not hear anything until a voice said from inside the window: "Floydie!" He trembled to his feet, and, with outstretched hands, cried: "Ross! Ross!" and then there was silence. Men can speak little when they hold each other hard by the shoulder, and



Two years later Floyd Calvert is at his desk again.

are looking steadfastly, eye to eye, through a lens of mist. But when Floyd Calvert sat down again there was a smile upon his lips, not concerning an outward and visible thing, but which had to do with some inner sensation.

"Ross," he said, "why have you never written or come to me?"

"Because it wasn't all 'blind' what I said when I went away—that I wouldn't come back till I had begun to wipe the long score out."

"You mean"—Floyd paused.

"I mean," the other said, with a flash of his old humour, "that I pass my favourite pubs with a highly ingenuous scorn. . . . Thank God!"

Floyd Calvert clasped his brother's hand; then he rose, and, with a sudden uplifting of the arms, said: "You have conquered, Ross. I, too, shall have my 'Thank God' to say. To-morrow I will speak the truth. I will bear the consequences of the sin. I will lay down my office and start all over again."

"No, no, old comrade," was the reply; "you will not lay down your office." He rested his hand on his brother's shoulder: "They'll make you a bishop some day, brothe'."

But the other impulsively, nervously, replied: "I say I will atone. I will clear your name. This farce is over."

The brow of the younger man grew stern, his lips determined. He had developed greatly. He said in a low, compelling voice: "And have my sacrifices, my sufferings, gone for nothing—has my love wasted too? Floyd, I'd rather take a bullet in my heart than that you should be disgraced. Can't you understand that your name is more to me than my own? I've nothing to lose. You have paid the penalty, Floyd. I have suffered the public slight—it doesn't hurt me so much; you, the private pain—and it has nearly killed you. The price is paid. I demand my compensation, not for my own sake alone, but"—he paused; a woman's voice had been floating through the rooms to them in a lullaby song. Now it came clearly—

"Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep,
Father will come to you soon."

"But for her sake, for the baby's sake, for your home's sake, for the old home's sake, I ask silence in this thing until death. See, Floyd, it has made a man of me. Will you do as I wish?"

Floyd Calvert leaned his head upon the table before him, and put his hands between his knees. It seemed strange that his forehead should be on the Bishop's letter; but so it was, though he was unconscious of it. When he at last looked up he said solemnly, "Yes, Ross; as you wish."

There was another long pause, and then the elder man said, with whispering breath, "Ross—how is—the child?"

The reply was grave and sad: "Floyd—the child—is dead."

THE END.



"Floyd—the child—is dead."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We are shortly promised by Mr. George Allen, of Orpington and London, a volume dealing with the humorous side of Mr. John Ruskin's character. It will be compiled by Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., who has had exceptional opportunities for studying Mr. Ruskin from the close association of many years. Various amusing sketches, made on the driving tours so beloved by Mr. Ruskin, will be an added attraction to the volume.

It is not often that a millionaire can be intruded, with any plausibility, into a column of "Literary Gossip," and such a rare chance should not be neglected. The latest who has gone to his reward—the "bogey-man" of American railway proprietors, Jay Gould—had a distinct claim to this little corner. Not because he had a room in his house called "the library"—they all have that, just as they all have a wine-cellar—but because his earliest profession was literature, and its profits formed one of the foundations of his fortune. In his youth he wrote a history of his native county (Ulster County, New York), and the secret of his profits was that, instead of "publishing through a first-class house," as we all like to do, he "peddled" it with his own hands and feet.

But he wrote no more books, and probably read very few except railway reports. Wall Street "raids" on other people's property he found more profitable. But it is delightful to a poor "literary man" to think of how this millionaire must have mismanaged his little fortune during the past ten years. Jay Gould, the papers say, proved to a syndicate of his own kind, in 1882, that he was worth fourteen million pounds. Now, the papers, which know everything, say he has died worth about twenty millions. Why, had he, ten years ago, put the fourteen into British Consols (though these have lost their sweet simplicity), and spent his time in bed reading dime novels, mere compound interest would have brought his little fortune up to about nineteen millions, a sum worth as much to any reasonable man as twenty. Were all his wicked schemes and the exhausting labours which have killed him off at fifty-six worth the odd million or two? Millionaires may be 'cuter, but are they any wiser than other folk?

In his interesting and amusing paper in the December number of the *National Review*, Mr. Alfred Austin tells us how Tennyson once put him through his facings on the pronunciation of the names of certain plants. He answered one of the questions to the Laureate's satisfaction, and seems not a little proud of the feat. "How do you pronounce the name of that flower?" asked Tennyson. "Clematis," answered Mr. Austin. "I am glad of it," was the response. "Some people" (it is impossible to convey the significance with which he uttered the words), "some people call it clematis." Yet it was an easy question to answer, for Mr. Austin has an excellent memory, and he must have recollected

The oaken stock in winter woods
O'er-flourish'd with the hoary clematis

in the "The Golden Year"; and

Rose, rose, and clematis

twice repeated in "The Window."

Tennyson must have had his quantity in these passages questioned by some old-fashioned critics, or he would not have put Mr. Austin to the test. I think, too, that in one of his volumes Tennyson pointed out the "right" pronunciation in a footnote.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Austin to give the Laureate cuttings grown from cuttings taken from the lavender in Shakspeare's garden. Standing by Tennyson's open grave, on the day of the funeral, I saw a handful of lavender reverently deposited on the coffin by a lady, who told me it came directly from the garden at Stratford-on-Avon. That "purple-spiked lavender" was the simplest and, as I thought, the sweetest among all the heaped offerings, "standing near," as in the poet's own early garden of "Memory," "the plaited alleys of the trailing rose" and the "level plots of crowned lilies."

Everyone has heard of the declaration of Henri IV. that "Paris was worth a mass," but it is not so well known, perhaps, that years before, when "Paris" was not dangling before his eyes, he had resisted the temptation to join the winning side. The "Holy Catholic League," established in 1576, was in 1585 flushed with victories. In that year the King of Navarre was pressed to join, but in a letter to the Duc de Montpensier, soon to be offered at Sotheby's, he "declares that he cannot follow the Duke's advice to give up his religion. Having been brought up in the reformed religion it would be unbecoming to change lightly, either through expectations, or fear, or force." It is only one more illustration of what Sir Robert Walpole did not say, that every man has his price—that the candles will be lighted as soon as the play gets high enough to make the expense worth while.

A curious comment on the change of mind in the Great Henri is afforded by another letter in the same sale. It is from the famous Bettina von Arnim, who knew a good deal about kings. "Non, les rois ne me suffisent jamais, parce qu'ils devraient avoir un but plus élevé qu'ils atteignent." Also, in another document, the manifesto issued by "Louis XVIII," just after Louis XVI. had been murdered on the Place Louis XV. It is dated from "Hamm, January 28, 1793"—"Jetez vous avec confiance [he adjures the people of France] dans ces bras paternels que nous ne cessons de vous tendre, et prouvez que si le Grand Henri nous a transmis son amour pour vous avec son sang, vous et aussi les dignes descendants des vainqueurs d'Ivry et de Fontaine-Française."

There is, it seems, a new kind of literary trick, called "Sensitivism," and, of all places in the world, it has had birth in Holland! It appears to be a very severe application to literary methods of the thing called "Impressionism" in the graphic arts, and to be practised by at least two Dutch novelists. Their method is sought to be explained in the preface to an English translation of a work by one of them, Louis Couperus, just published under the title of "Ecstasy." Of the other "sensitivist," Vosmeer de Spie, the translator says: "To give impressions of sounds this writer adopts the artifice of using terms of colour." The artifice meets with remonstrance and even ridicule from at least one English critic, who says, "Surely no human being ever felt a bugle-call as scarlet, or a thunder-clap as indigo, or the murmur of a breeze as pale blue?" True, perhaps, of people who see as well as hear—who do not need translations of what they can read in the original. But then there is an authentic story, the reference to which has escaped my memory, of a man, blind from birth, who, when someone was attempting to explain what scarlet was like, exclaimed, "Yes, I know, it is like the sound of a trumpet!" K.



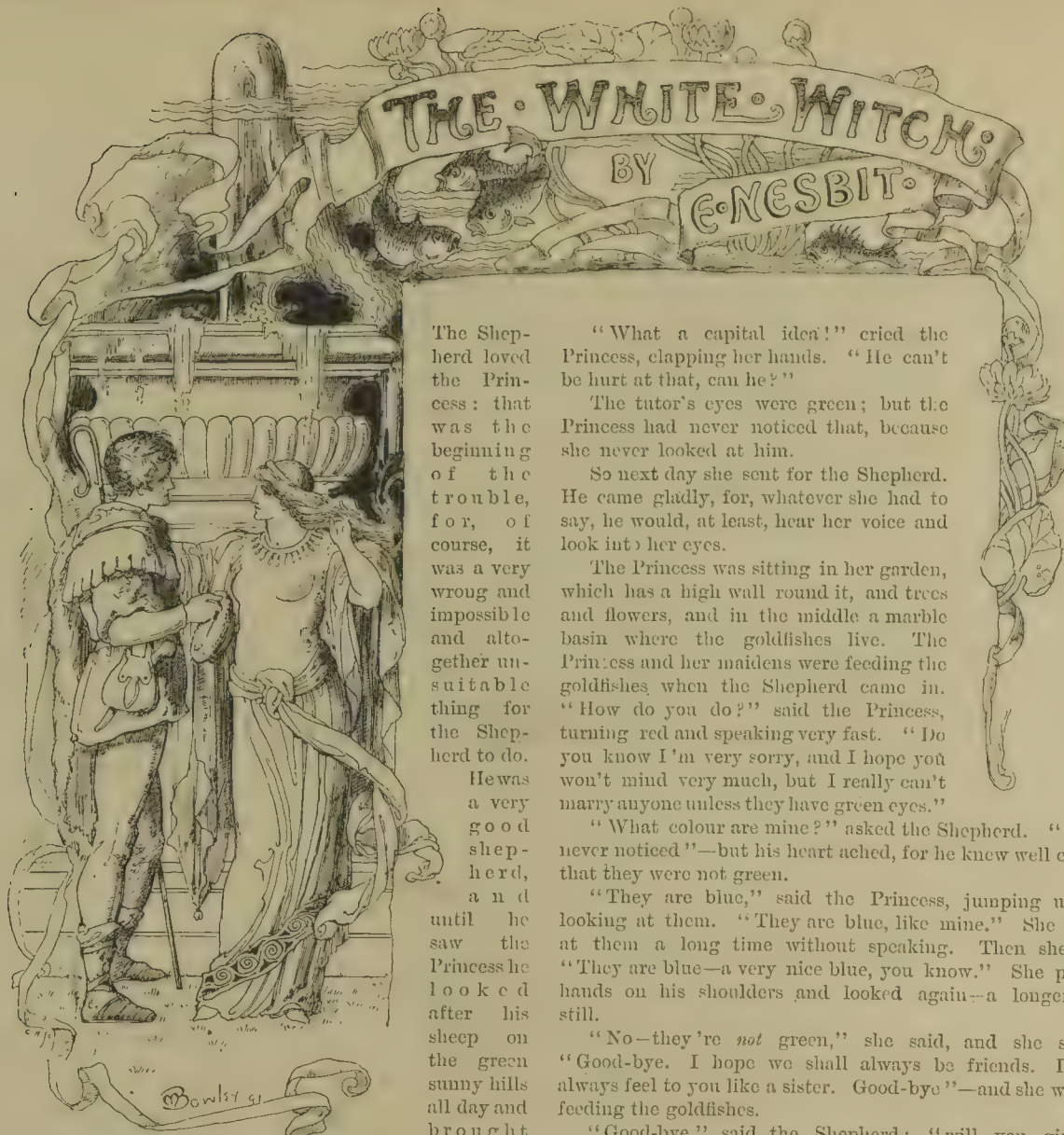
The page is a festive Christmas-themed musical score. At the top, a banner reads 'XMAS 1892'. The central part of the page contains musical notation for a hymn, with lyrics: 'Glorious the starry sky --- In the heavens bright and late --- The Angel host on high Sing praise to God. Alleluia - ia Alleluia - ia They love to sing to God their King Alleluia - ia Alleluia - ia Alleluia - ia'. The music is written in a simple, accessible style. The page is decorated with illustrations of angels in the upper corners and children in the lower right corner. The bottom left corner features a large 'X' and the word 'MAS'.

Glorious the starry sky --- In the heavens bright and late --- The Angel host on high Sing praise to God. Alleluia - ia Alleluia - ia They love to sing to God their King Alleluia - ia Alleluia - ia Alleluia - ia

Herbert B. Dunning

W. S. Margiassi

XMAS 1892



The Shepherd loved the Princess: that was the beginning of the trouble, for, of course, it was a very wrong and impossible and altogether unsuitable thing for the Shepherd to do. He was a very good shepherd, and until he saw the Princess he looked after his sheep on the green sunny hills all day and brought them

safely home every night, and if he ever dreamed dreams as he lay on the short, thymy turf and looked up to the deep blue sky, he certainly never told them to anyone, so nobody was the worse or the wiser.

But there came a day, a May day, when the Princess went out at sunrise to gather dew for a charm to keep her always beautiful. She had good reason to wish to be always as she was, the Shepherd thought, for she was more beautiful than any man's dearest dream.

She had long yellow hair, pale like ripe corn, her eyes were as blue as cornflowers, her lips just the shape for speaking kindly, her hands were like little white birds to hold, and when she passed the may-tree opened all its buds to look at her.

The Shepherd, lying behind a furze-bush, saw her kneel down and lay her white hands on the green grass to gather the chill, sweet dew, smelling of the morning and the wild thyme. She rubbed the dew on her face, which grew radiant with a new beauty. The Shepherd got up and came slowly towards her. She did not see him till he was quite close to her, and a fold of her long rosy sleeve blew across his arm as he held out his hand to her.

"Will you marry me?" he said. "I shall love you always."

She turned her eyes on him, and the love in his lit a rose-light in her cheeks.

"Who are you?" she asked in a low voice; and if he had been able to say that he was a prince one does not know what her answer would have been. But he only said—

"I am the King's shepherd."

"And I," she cried, "am the King's daughter!" And then she began to laugh, and ran all the way home, and in a day and a night she had forgotten all about him.

But he thought always of her, so that when, one market day, the heralds went through the town proclaiming that a tournament was to be held in honour of the Princess, and that the bravest knight might hope to win her, he came, wearing a rusty suit of armour he had borrowed from a friend, and riding an old horse that his uncle, the innkeeper, lent to him, to try his fortune with many others.

And he looked so handsome and so valiant that no one even noticed the old horse and the shabby armour, and every girl in the assembled crowd wished in her heart that he might win the Princess. Nor did any know him to be the Shepherd. But the Princess knew.

Then, one by one all the knights who had come to the tournament were overthrown by the Shepherd, for love made him brave and strong beyond the wont of man.

But when he rode beneath the gallery where the Princess sat, she turned her eyes away as she gave him her hand to kiss, and the wreath, the prize of the tourney.

"He is only your shepherd," she said to her father—and the King was very much annoyed.

Indeed, it became so tiresome to have a handsome shepherd, and a shepherd in love, always hanging about the palace, that the Princess said to her tutor—

"How can I get rid of this young man without hurting his feelings?"

"Tell him you have made a vow never to marry any man whose eyes are not green," suggested the tutor.

"What a capital idea!" cried the Princess, clapping her hands. "He can't be hurt at that, can he?"

The tutor's eyes were green; but the Princess had never noticed that, because she never looked at him.

So next day she sent for the Shepherd. He came gladly, for, whatever she had to say, he would, at least, hear her voice and look into her eyes.

The Princess was sitting in her garden, which has a high wall round it, and trees and flowers, and in the middle a marble basin where the goldfishes live. The Princess and her maidens were feeding the goldfishes when the Shepherd came in. "How do you do?" said the Princess, turning red and speaking very fast. "Do you know I'm very sorry, and I hope you won't mind very much, but I really can't marry anyone unless they have green eyes."

"What colour are mine?" asked the Shepherd. "I have never noticed"—but his heart ached, for he knew well enough that they were not green.

"They are blue," said the Princess, jumping up and looking at them. "They are blue, like mine." She looked at them a long time without speaking. Then she said, "They are blue—a very nice blue, you know." She put her hands on his shoulders and looked again—a longer look still.

"No—they're not green," she said, and she sighed. "Good-bye. I hope we shall always be friends. I shall always feel to you like a sister. Good-bye"—and she went on feeding the goldfishes.

"Good-bye," said the Shepherd; "will you give me nothing before I go?"

She held out her hand and he kissed it.

"That is the second time," he said; "the third time my eyes will be green!"

The Princess looked after him till he had passed out of the garden. Then she looked at the hand he had kissed. Then she sighed again; and when the tutor came to ask her to read classic poetry with him she said she had a headache.

After that she used to spend most of her time in the garden, and when her father pressed her to choose a husband from among her many suitors, she answered that she thought marriage was a rather serious thing, and perhaps it would be better for her to stay at home and feed the goldfishes a little longer. The next morning she said carelessly to her maidens, as they combed out her golden hair—

"I suppose nothing more has been heard of that Shepherd?"

"No, your Royal Highness. Nothing at all."

And the next day she said musingly, as the golden comb went through her hair—

"I wonder what has become of that Shepherd!"

"I wonder, indeed, your Royal Highness," said the maidens.

The third morning, as they braided her tresses, she spoke again—

"I suppose that Shepherd has not come back?"

"No," they said, "he has not come back. We do not think, your Royal Highness, that he will ever come back any more."

The Princess sighed, and was silent, but she put the same question the next morning, and the next, and every morning, and there was never any other answer.

But the Shepherd fared forth into the world. Somewhere, he knew, must be that which would turn blue eyes to green. He asked everyone he met: most laughed at him for a madman, and those who understood and were sorry for him could not help him. And so he fared on for the half of a year, and his eyes grew bluer than ever with unshed tears.

He had left far behind the mountain country where his Princess dwelt, and had come to a land of elms and meadows, green lanes, dim woods, and blossoming may-trees. Walking through this land one golden May morning, just a year after after his first sight of his Princess, he passed into a wood, where everything was alive with spring's greenest green. The moss was green under foot; the chestnuts and oaks and hazels were green overhead.

All through his long, weary quest of the charm that should win him his Princess his faith in his finding of it had never faltered. He loved her so much, and love, he knew, works miracles. Now, looking on the green leaves and the green moss, he said—

"O wood! Have you no colour to spare for me? Just a ray—enough to colour a lover's eyes!"

And as he spoke he was aware of a White Lady who lay on the moss under the shade of a hawthorn bush. He paused to put his eternal question—

"Can you tell me how to make blue eyes green?" and stood there ready to go on when he had heard the accustomed "No"; but instead the White Lady rose and came towards him, saying, "Yes."

As she came near him he saw that her hair was red like

the gold of sunset. Her arms were long and white. He had never seen any mouth like hers.

She was gowned in white, about her was a girdle of may-blossoms; she wore a wreath of may-blossoms on her hair, and her eyes were green as the sea is green, and they shone like young lime-leaves when the sun kisses them after rain.

"I can help you," she said.

"And will you?"

"Yes; but the price is a heavy one."

"I will not," answered the Shepherd, "shrink from any price, how heavy soever it may be."

"Think well," said the White Lady. "The bargain once struck may not be undone."

"You would not," cried the Shepherd in sudden fear, "you would not—you will not kill love in my heart?"

"I will leave love in your heart."

"You will not make my Princess turn from me when I am come to her again?"

"Your Princess shall not turn from you when you are come to her again."

"Then," cried the Shepherd, "I will pay the price."

The White Lady took him by the hands and drew him under the green hawthorn boughs, he wondering, yet glad at heart because he should now, at last, win his Princess.

"You do not repent?"

"No!"

"Think yet again. It is not yet too late."

"I have only one thought—quick! say the spell!"

She laid her white arms round his neck as he stood under the may-tree. "Already," she said, "your eyes grow green!" She kissed him thrice—upon the brow and upon the eyes and upon the lips.

"Now go!" she said, "go to your Princess—who loves you."

He threw up his hands and fell at her feet.

"But I do not want the Princess any more!" he cried. "There is no Princess, there is only you. Kiss me again! Kiss me again!"

The White Lady leaned against the tree and laughed.

"No!" she said. "I only kiss blue-eyed people!" And he still heard her laugh in the light whispering of the green leaves, as he stood alone under the hawthorn.

And far away in her palace the Princess was saying, for the hundred and eighty-third time, as the golden comb went through her hair—

"I suppose the Shepherd has not come back?"

And for the hundred and eighty-third time her maidens answered—

"No, and we do not think, your Royal Highness, that he will ever come back any more!"



A SNOWFLAKE.

—:—:—

The snowflakes all kept rank together
This windless morn, till one flake feather
Just as it passed a window—mine—
Swerved, dashed outward, and broke the line,
With a petulant toss of its frail white wings
And a hatred of rectilinear things;
Then zigzagged down to the street below
Where the child was standing to watch the snow
Her small chin tilted out of her furs,
And health writ red on those cheeks of hers,
And eyes that were dazzled, wistful eyes,
Watching each flake with bright surprise.

Now this—the flake with rebellious fall—
Had the biggest wings, was the queen of all,
But a willing captive a child could take;
The child's warm hand closed round the flake,
And warm lips kissed it—it died in thrall.

All the best raindrops, when they die,
Are turned to snowflakes in the sky;
And down they come, when the winter's here,
In swaying flight through air frost-clear,
To make the world for a while look clean,
And make men think of the might-have-been.
But what of that flake, the rebellious queen?

She was told to die where the gutter drips
And a thousand flakes before had died,
But chose a disgraceful suicide
In a child's warm hand, on a child's warm lips.
Well, she'll be punished—descend again,
A lowly drop in a shower of rain
Into a dark and dirty drain,
And serve her right for her lawlessness!
But the child was pretty, I must confess.

BARRY PAIN.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

From a photo by the Berlin Photographic Society, New Bond Street, W.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

According to a recent correspondence in the *Athenæum*, the Society of Authors has alarmed publishers, or a publisher, and is a kind of trades union. This would be curious if correctly stated, but the statement is hardly correct. Authors, for example, never strike; perhaps it would be no bad thing for literature if they did. But their labour they delight in, and there were authors long before publishing was invented, as there will be authors when printing is a lost art. "They do but sing because they *lust*" if they are silent. Again, authors do not picket each other. An American humourist once denounced an English rhymist because he declined to be paid more money for a piece of verse than what he considered the usual price—more than he wanted, in fact. I forget what punishments were threatened, but they were not inflicted. Again, an author occasionally does a piece of work because he likes doing it, because he has some sentiment or other about the subject, or the editor, or the publisher, which he does not want to have associated with coin. Probably, a trades union would denounce this course, but the Authors' Society does not interfere. It lets everyone do as he pleases. Only it offers certain pieces of advice which sometimes, and in certain cases, are by no means superfluous. For example, if I am not mistaken, the society suggests that it is a mistake to sell copyrights out and out. No doubt it is a mistake. In the early life of Mr. Dickens we read how he parted with his own creations for trifling sums, and had the mortification of seeing other men profit greatly, while he profited not at all, by his labours. This is a frequent source of annoyance to authors. They have no confidence in their own success, or very little; they bet against it, as it were, while the publisher backs it at the shortest possible odds. He takes the risk: now he loses, now he wins. We hear plenty about it when he wins; when he loses he is wise enough to hold his peace. There must be an average of losses and gains, and he hopes it will be on the right side. Authors should hope so, too, otherwise we shall find no publishers, and be obliged to go about reciting our rhymes, like mediæval *jongleurs*. Still, it is a decided blunder to sell one's performances out and out, not only for pecuniary reasons, but because a man may wish to withdraw, or alter, or arrange his work in some new fashion. But publishers would be no great sufferers if all authors acted on this principle, while only a very few authors would find in it much pecuniary advantage.

The fair thing seems to be that an author should receive one share of the profits of his book and the publisher another share. But here arises, in Aristotelian phrase, the "question of the how much?" Now, on a first glance, say the profits are £100: as the author actually makes the stuff, he might expect three-fourths of that large sum. He is the creator—nothing could go on without him; but he could not get on without the publisher. That fiend in human shape has all the trouble, for writing is a pleasure, and the author has all the pleasure, all the self-applause, all the joy of invention, of execution. He can write where he pleases (if he is not an historian tied to Simancas or the Record Office), he can give himself holidays when he likes; he can dig in his garden, or go out on the links, or take his rod for his companion, or attend the luncheon parties of the cultivated peerage, while the publisher, poor fellow, is sitting in a dismal chamber, defending himself against bores. The author should, and does I hope, consider these things, and remember how much more of his life he has to himself than the publisher. He has to busy himself with figures, a thing intolerably distasteful to an imaginative soul: he has to pay large sums for rent, for clerks, for paper, printing, binding, and I cannot but know that he often makes a bad bargain, and loses money as well as labour, without any offset in the pleasure of his art. For those reasons, though he does not create immortal works, but only sells them, I think we authors should rather regard publishers as our unfortunate allies than as our foes and taskmasters. Mere money (and a little of our delightful society) is all they get, at best; while we, in our hearts, get any amount of the pleasures of vanity, a life comparatively free, and some money, too, if we are lucky. We, of all people, do not need the wealth of Croesus or of Egyptian Thebes, seeing that our days are spent with the illustrious dead or with the charming children of our own invention. Mr. Black lives months and months with the Princess of Thule, Mr. Meredith with his Roses and Lucys, Mr. Stevenson with Allan Breck; while the publisher lingers out his days "with one unceasing wife," as the poet says, and with ordinary men and women. Thus, as he gets nothing for all his tedious business

but money, we certainly should not grudge him his share of that commodity.

If authors and publishers will appeal to an arbitrator, there is one ready, an author rather successful, a printer, alas! who did not succeed in his commerce, Sir Walter Scott. Captain Basil Hall heard him give his mature opinion about an author's due share of profits. "Speaking of books and booksellers, he remarked that, considered generally, an author might be satisfied if he got one-sixth part of the retail price of a book for his share of the profits." I am no arithmetician, but I take it that this represents twopence on the shilling, which, again, I conceive to be a royalty of a shilling on a six-shilling book. If you sell 6000 copies, you get £300, and very lucky you are to sell 6000 copies. Whether this proportion satisfies the ambition and sense of justice both of the Society of Authors and of publishers in general, I know not, but it satisfied the author of "Waverley," or seemed to him satisfactory.

That authors are not invariably modest in their demands Leigh Hunt proves. He wanted Murray to give him £500 for "The Story of Rimini." He accepted half profits, however, and found that if the whole edition sold they would amount to exactly £48 10s. So Murray sent him £50 in advance, and



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS LUCILE HILL AS DOROTHY VERNON IN "HADDON HALL."

in ten days he wanted £450 at once for the copyright. The copyright can hardly have been worth a fourth of the sum, so Murray got him to sell it to some more confiding tradesman, and *Blackwood* "really pitied Murray." On the other hand, Murray, with others, bought "Marmion" for £1000. That was unlucky for Scott, who should have stuck to his modest royalty, but Mr. Murray behaved in a chivalrous manner about his share when the crash came. On the whole, authors of merit and publishers of character have usually managed their affairs with pleasure and satisfaction. It is when we come to authors who really would be wiser if they did not write and publishers who are very unlike Mr. Murray in disposition that the difficulties begin. The Society of Authors probably finds most of its work in irrigating this unfruitful field with plentiful douches of cold water. The chief thing for an author to remember in his commercial dealings is not to give his work away for good and all and for a trifle. Except when poverty compels—and that is a case which advice cannot mend—he should reserve an interest in his work. Once a young author was actually about signing a contract to sell a manuscript for a small sum. He had the alternative of a sixpenny royalty, and he said, like East in "Tom Brown," "The tizzy is safe, anyhow." The "tizzy," as it chanced, meant comparative opulence. But, of course, it might have meant £3 11s. 6d., or some such trifle.

MISS LUCILE HILL.

The lady who is representing the heroine of "Haddon Hall" nightly at the Savoy Theatre comes from America, but is not, I gather, an American pure and simple. She was born, it seems, in New Jersey, but she is, she says, of Anglo-Irish parentage. Her artistic training, moreover, has been mainly French. It was begun at Boston, U.S.A., but was continued and completed—so far as an artist's training is ever completed—in Paris. For a girl American-born to go to the French capital to be educated is, practically, to fulfil the decrees of Providence. Miss Hill, I read, studied in Paris, first with La Grange, and as if she were (and were to be) a contralto. Happily, as her compatriots say, M. Faure "came along"; he interested himself in her future, and from that point onwards Miss Hill, apparently, was highly successful in her labours. Her aim was employment in grand opera, and she might possibly have become a recruit to the French lyric stage had not a *deus ex machina* descended in the shape of Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Mr. Carte was then about to float

his English Opera enterprise in London, and, presumably, was on the look-out for new material. He must have been told of Miss Hill's ability and promise. He heard her sing, and promptly offered her an engagement at the then forthcoming house in Cambridge Circus.

In due course Miss Hill made her London début, which was also her début as an operatic vocalist. It took place, as most people know, in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" (February 1892), in which she was the original Rowena. For this rôle her appearance especially fitted her—she was the fair Saxon maiden to the life. Vocally, she was quite equal to the demands upon her; and her performance, both as singer and player, received due acknowledgment at the hands of the critics. Then came the opportunity of representing Rebecca in the same opera; and in that rôle, if she did not obliterate the impression already made by Miss Macintyre, she at least held her own. "Ivanhoe," unluckily, did not "strike ile" quite to the extent anticipated, and in the fullness of time Mr. Carte decided to alternate Sullivan and Messenger. "La Basoche" was produced, and in this Miss Hill impersonated Colette, the country wench whom Clément Marot has married, and who comes to Paris to look after her husband. Here, again, she had a triumph, both of art and of personality, and her exertions did much to secure for the opera such vogue as it obtained. By-and-by came the withdrawal bills of "La Basoche" and of "Ivanhoe," and then Miss Hill rested upon her laurels, until summoned to undertake the rôle which she is at present enacting at the Savoy.

In "Haddon Hall" Miss Hill has not so much to do as her admirers would like her to do and as she is capable of doing. Nevertheless, as Dorothy Vernon, she is the central figure of the opera and, whenever she appears, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes. She has been altogether well favoured by Nature. She is handsome; she is buxom; she is wholly pleasing to the eye. She is such a Dorothy as one might dream of, and as might be expected to capture the susceptible hearts of a Manners and a Vernon. And that is no small

matter. It is a great thing to have—as Miss Hill has—a soprano of high compass, much clearness, and no less sweetness; it is an equally great thing to have—as Miss Hill has—the art with which to make the best of a voice so useful and agreeable. It is much to possess—what Miss Hill evidently possesses—an instinctive sense of the appropriate in dramatic action, gesture, and diction. At the same time, beauty counts for a good deal, even with the stolid British public, which likes a pretty face when it sees one, even if it does not go into the raptures which come naturally to less phlegmatic races.

On what may be the artistic future of Miss Hill it is, perhaps, unpractical to dwell. What will be, will be. If prophecy is the most gratuitous form of human error, it is never more so than when it comes from the pen of the critical commentator. Miss Hill, probably, still retains her aspirations towards grand opera; but, whereas in grand opera she would have many rivals, in romantic or comic opera she has few. Somehow or other, many as are the singers "turned out" by the musical academies, there is not a glut, but a lack, of light operatic singers. Miss Hill may not have the requisite adaptability for comic opera sheer and unmitigated; but in works like "Haddon Hall," where the heroine is absolutely sentimental and must needs be agreeable to look upon, she ought always to be welcome and successful.

W. D. A.

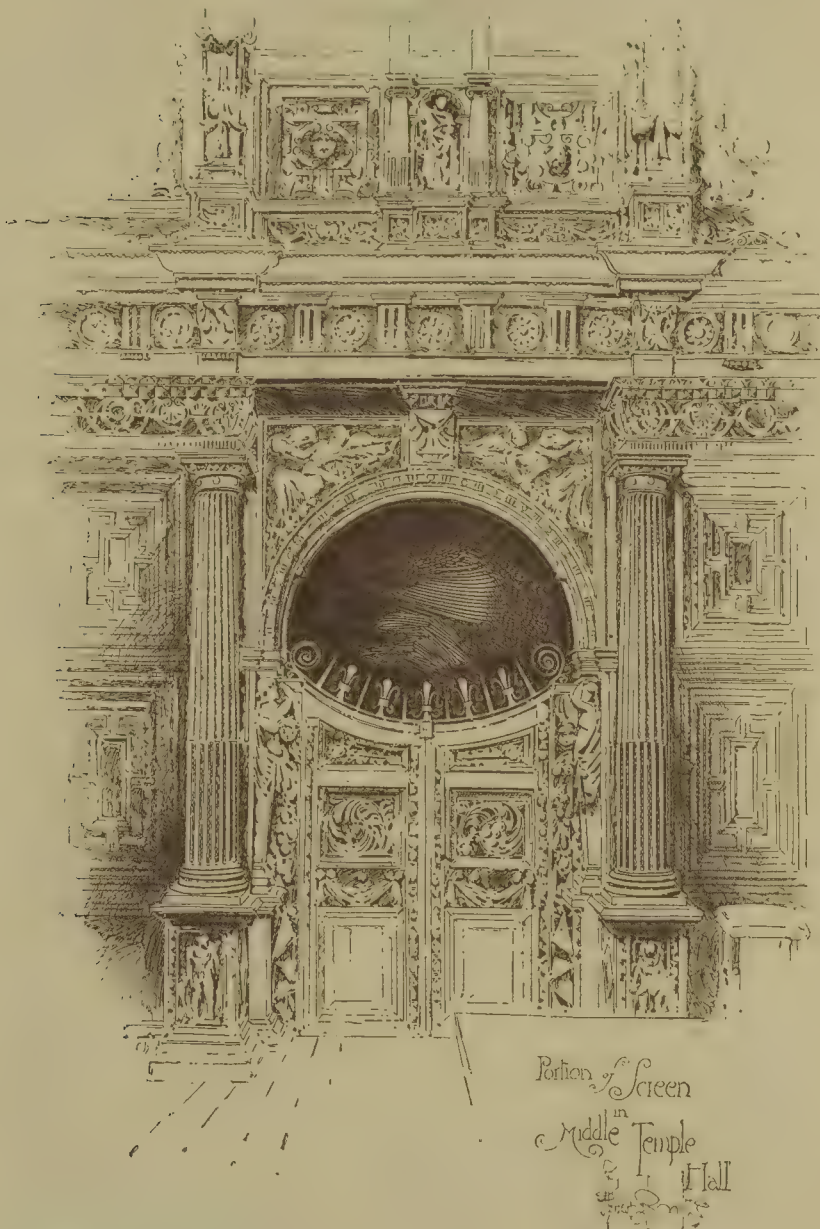
THE INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY.

Among the fast vanishing vestiges of London of the past, the Inns of Court have, so far, struggled successfully to retain a few features of their former state. These, however, will be soon swept away, and another generation will have to look in books to find any traces of the mediæval street architecture of the Metropolis. For this as well as for other reasons we welcome such a volume as Mr. W. J. Loftie's *Inns of Court*

had established themselves in London, and had begun to build in High Holborn. Seventy years later they moved to the "New Temple"—a pleasant open meadow sloping down to the Thames—and became, as it were, a strong outpost of the City of London, of which they protected the western flank. The surviving names of the Middle and Inner Temple suggest the existence of an Outer Temple, which included a field through which ran a stream crossing the Strand, and worked

a mill in what is now Milford Lane, where this newspaper is printed. At what time the students of the law betook themselves to the monastery of a military order—for in the fourteenth century the Templars had given place to the Hospitallers—is not very clear; but in 1516 we find an association consisting of two serjeants and four barristers, not Templars, taking out a lease of the manor of "Portpool"—of which the name still survives as a prebend of St. Paul's—although its exact position in Gray's Inn or Lincoln's Inn has not been actually identified. It is known, however, that by this time the sense of security had so far increased that the lawyers were able to free themselves from both military and ecclesiastical tutelage. Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in 1286, and Lord Grey of Wilton, in 1315, had by their munificence, practically founded the two societies which now perpetuate their names. Thus, before the Tudors were established on the throne the Four Inns of Court existed, and in course of time supervised the various Inns of Chancery—such as Clifford's, Clement's, Lyon's, Furnival's, Thavies', Staple, &c. Of the original buildings scarcely any traces remain, for although in Staple Inn and Barnard's Inn there are excellent bits of Elizabethan and Stuart

Gray's Inn, of which the open spaces have been recently threatened with invasion, if not total destruction, can look back with pride to the personal care it received from its most distinguished member—Lord Bacon—who is reputed to have planted with his own hands the catalpa tree still existing in the gardens. Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was also a member of this Inn, and Macaulay and Southey both lived under the shadow of its noble elms. These are only a few of the names in history which are associated with the Inns of Court. Those of fiction also deserve some notice, but for these, as for many other pleasant records of the past, we must refer our readers to the book itself. It is unnecessary to say that such associations as these courts and lanes and buildings evoke make the etcher's work doubly



Portion of Screen
Middle Temple Hall

and Chancery (Seeley and Co.), with its numerous illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton, who shares with Mr. Herbert Marshall and Mr. George the gift of catching and transcribing faithfully the picturesque elements of London streets. In the Inns of Court Mr. Railton finds subjects—old and new—admirably suited to his style; and if on occasions he lends to a block of buildings beauties which the wayfarer has hitherto passed by unnoticed, we must blame ourselves, and accept in a proper spirit the correction he gives to our hasty neglect. To the antiquary no less than to the artist the Inns of Court offer a vast field of research, and, happily, the

architecture still remaining, yet in the former case, at all events, there is nothing to recall the older associations of Staple Inn.

But if from the buildings which Mr. Railton has so deftly recorded we pass to their occupants, of whom Mr. Loftie gives the long and interesting series, we find ourselves upon firmer ground. There is scarcely a block of buildings in any of the four Inns which is not associated with some name more or less well known for good or for evil. Statesmen and poets as well as lawyers and controversialists at various times studied or lived in the quiet seclusion of these courts and lanes, but probably the only "native" of the Temple who achieved fame was Charles Lamb, who was born at 4, Inner Temple Lane, while Oliver Goldsmith died in Brick Court. Gower and Chaucer are said to have been students; Beaumont undoubtedly was one, although he gave but little time to the law. Cowper's connection with the Inner Temple ended almost tragically, for it was in his chambers that he made the attempt on his own life. Horne Tooke before he took orders was also a student. The list of notabilities connected with the Middle Temple is even greater, including both Congreve and Wycherley, John Evelyn and Thomas Day, Edmund Burke and Sheridan, Henry Fielding and Goldsmith, and the younger Colman. His father, George Colman, had been a student of Lincoln's Inn, where, on a similar occasion, the Benchers had shown themselves more liberally disposed than their brethren of Gray's Inn and the Temple. At both of these Inns Arthur Murphy Walpole's "writing actor," who had begun life as a bank clerk and then became an unsuccessful actor, had been refused a "call," but was subsequently admitted at Lincoln's Inn, in 1757. With this learned body, William Penn, George Wither, and, above all, Sir Thomas More, were at various times associated, but the last-named had previously studied at New Inn, which was under the discipline of the Middle Temple,

and after his admission had been reader in law at Furnival's Inn. Dr. Johnson himself had not been more changeable, for he wrote "Rasselas" in Staple Inn; thence he moved for a while into Gray's Inn, and ultimately settled himself in Inner Temple Lane.



THE GRAVE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, INNER TEMPLE.

interesting as well as doubly difficult, for we are keen to find niches worthy of our heroes, whether they belong to the world of real life or of imagination. Mr. Railton has not shrunk from the task, and his work will serve to make the "Inns of Court" as he found them at the close of the nineteenth century a pleasing as well as a valuable record for those who consult it now or hereafter.



THE CLOISTERS, INNER TEMPLE.

landmarks are so far distinct that he can present to us a fair sketch of how and where the "gentlemen of the long robe" lived and moved from their earliest appearance upon the scene. The oldest branch claim connection, by purchase, with the Templars, who, within half a century of the Conquest,



Corner
Hare Court

INDIAN FAIRY TALES.

Indian Fairy Tales, selected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by John D. Batten. (David Nutt.)—We all, doubtless, would like to review ourselves, but some men really ought to do so, for the simple reason that no one else is sufficiently learned in their particular line to render them that friendly



FROM "THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN."

office. To say that Mr. Jacobs is the most learned of modern folk-lorists would be on the face of it a paradox, for the writer who could say that would necessarily be himself at least equally learned. I will content myself, therefore, in echoing the general opinion that Mr. Jacobs is certainly one of the innermost circle of the learned in this kind. What a charming learning, too! It is with learned men as with tradesmen. Some have work-a-day trades—dusty, utilitarian; some handle precious jewels, play with roses and orchids, fondle delicate feminine stuffs, from morn to eve. At the British Museum to-day I saw old men wearily poring upon forgotten files of yellow newspapers, digging painfully in musty encyclopedias; but how much happier the learned lot of Mr. Jacobs! His business premises are the caves of Arabian romance, and his office-key is "Open Sesame." His learning

on honeydew bath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

In other words, his work is play, his business fairy tales, his trade-mark "Dreams to sell." It is his privilege to say with Andrea del Sarto, "I do what some men dream of all their lives." I hope Mr. Jacobs is sufficiently grateful to Providence for all these advantages. Even I who but review him have a sense of privilege. Some men have to review volumes of sermons—or "Fabian Essays."

Mr. Jacobs's fairy-tale collections, of which the present is the third (and, I hope, far from the last), have at least two advantages over any other such collections: Mr. Jacobs's notes and Mr. Batten's illustrations. In the present collection the



FROM "THE BOY WITH THE MOON ON HIS FOREHEAD."

sympathetic reader has but one disappointment. He cannot but remember that in the former volumes the notes were preceded by a charming bit of pictorial waggery, in which, so to say, the illustrator "chaffed" Mr. Jacobs's notes. In the "Celtic Fairy Tales" somnolent little boys and girls were yawning, nodding, and even sleeping, over volumes labelled "Parallels, J.J.," "Sources," "Remarks," &c.; and over the head of one little boy who was earnestly tackling one of the volumes, finger on line, a quaint old scholar was making passes of sleep, while the warning legend ran bold: "Man or Woman, Boy or Girl, that reads what follows 3 Times shall fall asleep an Hundred years." I cannot be the only reader who on receiving the present volume turned first of all to look for the latest edition of Mr. Batten's little joke. I had even a hope that Mr. Jacobs might have found some sly way to retaliate. In the next volume he might have an end-piece, in which all the little boys and girls are found wide-eyed with excitement, so absorbed that nothing will get them to bed—and for legend, "FOURTH READING!!!!" And certainly, if they are as interesting as the present notes, the legend might prove truer than many. Nothing could be more fascinating than this folk-lore hunt from land to land, this perpetual discovery of some childhood's friend in a strange guise. I shall never forget the curious thrill of world-strangeness I had when I first read somewhere that "the house" that Jack built belonged to a fathomless Eastern past. It had seemed so English a thing—like Christianity. Mr. Jacobs tells us (to borrow what he has hardly earned) that "so far as the children of Europe have their fairy stories in common,

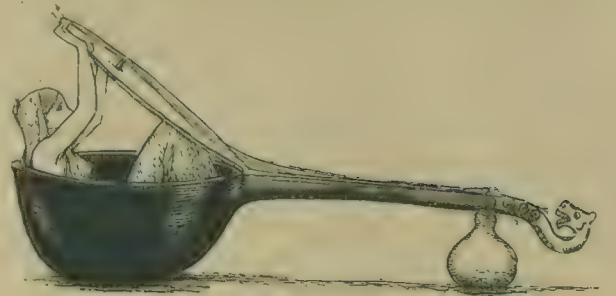


FROM "HARISARMAN."

these—and they form more than a third of the whole—are derived from India. In particular, the majority of the drolls or comic tales and jingles can be traced, without much difficulty, back to the Indian peninsula. Crusaders, Mongol missionaries, gypsies, Jews, traders, and travellers have all had a hand in their importation. "The Fables of Bidpai," "The Seven Wise Masters," "Gesta Romanorum," and much of Æsop are, Mr. Jacobs thinks, among the importations. The majority of the Indian folk-tales, he tells us, are derived from the "Jatakas," or Birth-stories of Buddha—that is, stories of his doings in various incarnations. They existed before Buddha; but as his influence grew they began to be associated with him. Many of them bear the marks of this in little tags of introduction and conclusion, as in the case of "The Demon with the Matted Hair" (and Mr. Batten's is a demon and no mistake!). "This story," begins the proem, "the Teacher told in Jetavana about a Brother who has ceased striving after righteousness," &c.; and, runs the conclusion, "Then the Teacher made the connexion, and gave the key to the birth-tale, saying: 'At that time Angulimala was the Demon; but the Prince of the Five Weapons was I myself.'"

Here is a description of the Demon: "He made himself as tall as a palm-tree; his head was the size of a pagoda, his eyes as big as saucers, and he had two tusks, all over knobs and bulbs; he had the face of a hawk, a variegated belly, and blue hands and feet."

But the most interesting point about this story (one of two never before translated, and now done by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse) is its undoubted resemblance to Uncle Remus's famous "Tar Baby." The

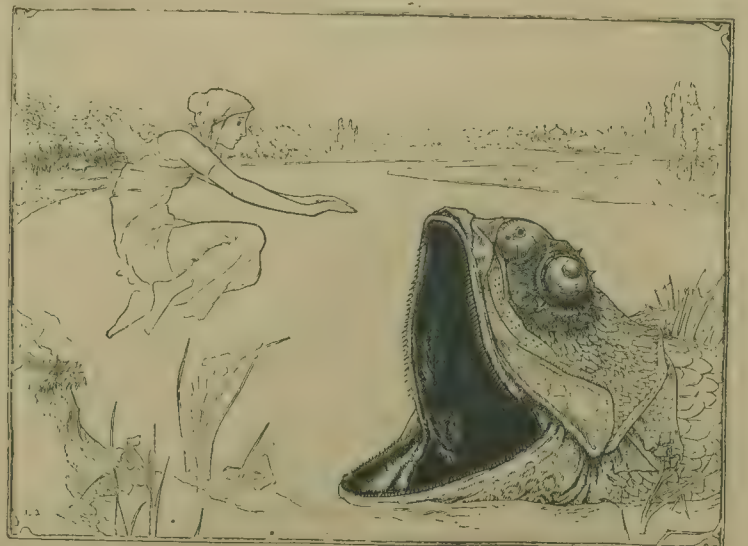


FROM "THE MAGIC FIDDLE."

reader will remember how Brer Rabbit, coming up to the Tar Baby, hits it first with one leg, then with the other, till all are stuck fast, whereupon he butts it with his head, which also sticks fast. So in the case of the Demon aforesaid, all the knight's weapons having stuck in its matted hair, he strikes out with fists and feet, and, as with Brer Rabbit, finally with his head, thus also becoming quite "stuck up." One of our old stories, of which we find constant parallels, is that of "Androclus." Grateful beasts are *ditto* much of most of the stories. The belief in metempsychosis, as Mr. Jacobs suggests, probably accounts for that. One lovely tale, "Princess Labam," combines several parallelisms. First of all, a young Prince is forbidden to hunt in a certain direction because that way the Princess lies. Of course he chooses disobedience, and on his way, seeking her, he has the good fortune to befriend the ants and two tigers (by the extraction of a thorn from the husband's foot); he also becomes possessor of a flying bed, a magic bag, which will supply all his wishes, food, clothing, &c., a bowl that fills with water for the asking; and a stick and rope to beat and hang all hostile comers. Arrived at the Princess's country, he meets a common difficulty with fairy princes: none can wed the Princess without the accomplishment of three impossibilities. But to a prince so well provided with friends and magic tackle these, and a fourth, turn out trifles, and all ends happily. The reader will have noticed in this sketch several familiar features of his old Grimm—"Grimm's Goblins" the present writer's precious copy used to be called, a humble edition with illustrations of many colours. One beautiful quality of the Princess Labam strikes me as original—her phosphorescence. They never used lamps in her country, for every nightfall the lovely Princess used to sit enthroned on the roof of her palace, and so glorious was her beauty that the brightness thereof lit up the country around and shone into the houses, so that old dames "declared" they



FROM "THE SOOTHSAYER'S SON."



FROM "LOVING LAILI."

could see to sew by the Princess. Another charming story is "Loving Laili," an earlier "Pursuit of the Well-Beloved." But that the reader must find out for himself. That picture there of the fish opening wide its mouth, as anyone would for such a charming morsel, represents the embarkation of Laili on one of her travels. One other general debt of European resemblance to India, I must not forget, is the idea of connecting a number of disconnected stories together—"the Frame" method, Mr. Jacobs calls it, as in "The Arabian Nights," Boccaccio, and Chaucer. So we even owe "The Earthly Paradise," in some sort, to India.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



A WARM EMBRACE.



MELTING MOMENTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Lately I concluded a round of Gilchrist Science Lectures, and completed part of a work of mine which is a real labour of love in so far as the diffusion of a knowledge of science among the people is concerned. Very interesting work is that of the lecturers on the staff of the Gilchrist Educational Trust, who are sent forth here and there by the trustees, who wisely and well administer the bequest of Dr. Gilchrist. Among the lecturers are numbered men who have long ago made their mark in science, as well as others of us who are their juniors in such labours. Sir Robert Ball, the Rev. Dr. Dallinger, Professor H. Seeley, Dr. R. D. Roberts (our indefatigable secretary), Mr. A. P. Laurie, and Professor V. Lewes, Professor C. Boys, Professor Miall of Leeds, Professor Milnes Marshall of Manchester are one and all lecturers whose labours in the service of the Gilchrist Trust as popularisers of science are known up and down over the land. It is a sight one can never forget, that of a crowded Gilchrist audience, mostly composed of artisans, all eager to follow the lecturer into the realms of scientific discovery, illustrated by graphic description and by experiments and the optical lantern—the “magic lantern” of our school-days, transformed into a powerful educational agency. The big Townhall at Reading packed in every part, a week or two ago, to listen to my Gilchrist lecture was “a sight for to see”; nor can I forget the Swindon audience, numbering close upon two thousand persons, I fancy, representing the artisan population which I saw, earlier in the day, busily employed in the work of turning out the Great Western Railway’s rolling-stock, and literally making everything, from the bed-plate of a big express engine to the window-blind of a carriage or the handle of a carriage-door.

It is an important work, this of diffusing scientific instruction among the masses. What elevating tendencies it exercises upon the people, those in charge of free libraries and allied institutions can tell. It sets men’s minds eager to know more about the great universe around them—a universe too often all unknown and neglected even by people of superior cult, in whose education, however, science has had no part at all. Now and then one sees and hears the superficial sneer of superfine people who think that science popularised is science spoiled. This is only a delusion arising from imperfect knowledge. Such people cannot popularise facts themselves, and argue a like inability on the part of everybody else. I have heard persons secure in professorial chairs talk lightly of this popularisation of science—such persons, to my own certain knowledge, being themselves utter failures in the way of imparting knowledge.

It is always so with some folks—deery anything you can’t do yourself. The proof that scientific facts and laws can be made to be “understood of the people,” without sacrifice of scientific accuracy, is found in the high character of the men employed by the Gilchrist Educational Trust. It is as clearly seen in the eager, attentive, and appreciative audiences which everywhere greet them. This is education of the highest kind, worthy of these advanced days; and I am anxious that my wide circle of readers, here, should know what the Gilchrist Trust is doing over the land to spread “sweetness and light” in many a corner to which science has hitherto been a stranger and an unbidden guest.

The popularisation of science suggests to my mind at this festive season some good stories of efforts in this direction in the case of school-children and others not attended with marked success. It is deficient instruction which, as often as not, brings out imperfections in the pupils’ appreciation of scientific facts. One good story refers to a schoolboy’s answer to the question, “What are the digestive organs?” Said the pupil: “Among the digestive organs we find the intestines or bowels; the bowels are *a, c, i, o, u*, and sometimes *w* and *y*!” Another girl had been badly instructed in the physiology of the chest. She had evidently not appreciated the meaning of the word “diaphragm”—the name of the big muscle which forms the floor of the chest; and, of course, she had been told how injurious it was to constrict this muscle by tight-lacing expedients. Hence her reply to a question regarding breathing and the chest: “It is very wrong,” said she, “to wear tight stays, because they not only hurt you, but construct your diagram!”

The humerus, or upper bone of the arm, has been described as the “humorous, so called because it is the funny-bone,” a very natural reply, perhaps, from the popular standpoint. Once upon a time I lectured on physiology at a typical working-man’s college—to wit, the old Watt Institution of Edinburgh, now the big, successful Heriot-Watt College, richly endowed as a technical school. In the course of a class examination I asked a question relating to the sweetbread, or pancreas. One youth replied in the course of his answer that “it was called the ‘Pancreas’ after the Midland Railway station in London!” This reply may possibly have been due conjointly to my neglect to explain that the word “pancreas” was really the classic name of the organ, and to the fertile ingenuity of the youth, who was determined to show forth his full knowledge of its etymology.

University examinations in medicine present a full field for the ingenuity of candidates, of course, in respect of their answers. After going over all the remedies he could think of as proper for encouraging the action of the skin before a persistent examiner, a puzzled student, who was perspiring under the fire of questioning, said, in answer to the query, “Well, don’t you know anything else in the way of sudorifics?” “I would advise the patient to try to pass this examination, Sir.” This was neat; but there is a tale told of a certain professor and a student which beats this last recital for its aptness. Questioned regarding the appearances presented by the recently drowned, the student told the professor that he would expect to find the drowned man clutching something in his hands. “What?” asked the professor. “I might expect to discover gravel,” said the student. “Anything else?” inquired the examiner. “Oh! perhaps seaweeds.” “Nothing else?” persisted the lecturer. “Well, Sir; perhaps one might find the inevitable straw!” History does not record whether the student passed his examination. My personal opinion is that he was rejected.

On one occasion I invited a candidate to select any specimen he liked from a series, and to tell me what he knew about it. This youth lived in an inland district, I may add, but had enjoyed the benefit of a whole course of natural history study. “I’ll take that lizard, Sir,” said he; and with this he took up a dried and preserved crab. Thinking to set him right, I said, “But, Mr. So-and-So, how many legs has a lizard?” “Oh, this one”—counting the crab’s legs carefully—“has ten,” replied he—and then we passed to another subject. “Do you know anything about fishes?” asked an examiner on one occasion. “Yes, Sir; I know them all from the limpet to the whale” was the instant reply. This reminds one of the famous definition of a crab—“A red fish which walks backward.” “A very good definition,” said Cuvier; “only a crab is not necessarily red, and it isn’t a fish, and it does not walk backward!”

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, G. GRIER (Hednesford, Stafford). The tone of your correspondence is not such as to invite a courteous reply. We have repeatedly stated in this column that we cannot answer any communication by post, and we regret we are unable to make an exception even in your favour. Your solution of No. 2331 never reached us, and you totally misunderstood the two other problems to which you refer.

B W LA MOTHE (New York).—Letter and postcard received with thanks, and shall have early attention.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—If Black play 1. K to K 4th, there is no mate in the two-move position you send us.

MAJOR HUTCHINSON (Almora, India).—Your problem appears correct, but it is rather too easy for publication.

J F MOON.—Thanks for further diagram, which shall be examined, but four-movers come to a hostile tribunal when sent to us.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2537 received from José Syder (Parada de Gona), Captain J A Challice, and Barjina de Freitas (Lisbon); of No. 2538 from W H Phillips, Vi (Turkey), H S Brandreth, and E H Whinfield; of No. 2539 from J D Tucker (Leeds), T G Ware, Arnott, E G Boys, W H Phillips, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Henry Buttignoni (Trieste), and R M Grier (Hednesford).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2540 received from W P Hind, J Coad, W R Raille, T Roberts, J Desanges, G T Hughes (Athy), H S Brandreth, C E Perugini, Martin F, W Guy, jun. (Johnstone), E H Whinfield, Julia Short (Exeter), B D Knox, P J Knight, Dr F St, E E H, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), it Workers (Canterbury), A Newman, G Joyce, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E G Boys, T G (Ware), Sorrento (Dawlish), Columbus, E Loudon, Alpha, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), T T Blythe, Joseph Willcock (Chester), W Wright, Bluet, E B Hartford, E Bycott (Sandbach), R H Brooks, J F Moon, Charles Burnett (Biggleswade), Shadforth, J D Tucker, Victorino Aolz y del Frago, and M Standish.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2536.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE.

1. K to Q 6th

2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

Any move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2539.—By W. PERCY HIND.

WHITE.

1. R to R 4th

2. Mates accordingly.

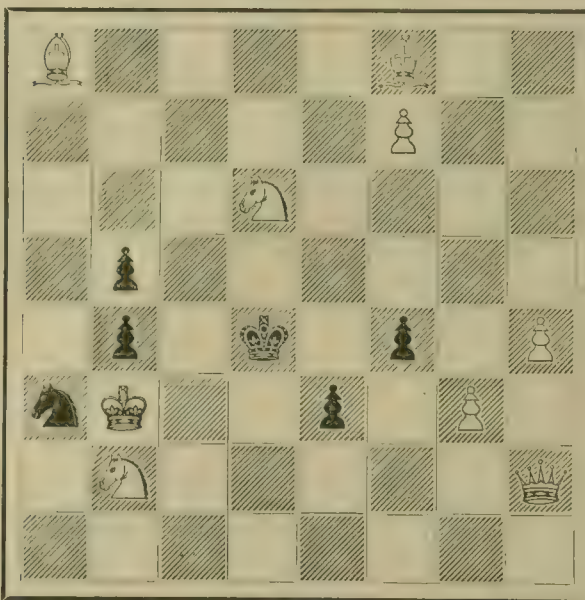
BLACK.

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2542.

By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

OUR USUAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Game played between Mr. STEINITZ and an Amateur.

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Amateur.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Amateur.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	8. B takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
2. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	9. Q to K 6th. Mate	
3. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
4. B to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd		
6. Q takes Kt P	B to B 3rd		
7. Q to B 8th (ch)	Q to Q sq		

All such positions are, of course, the result of bad play. Black at move five brings out his Queen too early, and generally the ignorance of first principles leads him astray. At the finish he must lose his Queen or be mated.

Another specimen is the work of Professor BERGER. It illustrates a position of not infrequent occurrence.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	7. B to R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	8. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	9. Kt takes P	B takes Q
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	10. Kt to B 6th (ch)	P takes Kt
5. Kt to Q 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	11. B takes P. Mate.	
6. P to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd		

The following problem by Mrs. W. J. BAIRD was awarded first prize in the *Sussex Chess Journal* problem tourney—

White: K at Q B 8th, Q at K Kt 4th, Kts at K R 4th and Q B 5th, Bs at Q sq and K R 2nd, Ps at K 2nd, K Kt 3rd, Q 4th, Q R 2nd and 3rd.
Black: K at Q B 5th, Kts at K R 8th and Q Kt 8th, Ps at Q Kt 4th, Q R 4th, and K 2nd. White to play and mate in three moves.

By C. KONDELIK.

White: K at Q Kt 2nd, Q at Q Kt 6th, R at Q Kt 4th, Kt at K R 4th, Ps at Q 2nd and K B 3rd.
Black: K at K 4th, Rs at Q sq and K Kt 2nd, B at K sq, Ps at Q 2nd, Q 4th, and K Kt 4th. White to play and mate in two moves.

By F. J. KELLNER.

White: K at K B 8th, R at Q R 5th, Bs at Q 2nd and Q 3rd, Kts at K 6th and Q 8th.
Black: K at K 4th, P at Q 4th. White to play and mate in two moves.

By H. E. and M. BETTMAN.

White: K at K Kt 2nd, Q at Q R 6th, Rs at K Kt 4th and K R 6th, Bs at K 3rd and Q R 4th, Kts at K 3rd and K B 7th, Ps at K 2nd, K R 3rd, Q 5th and K 7th.
Black: K at K B 4th, Q at K R sq, Rs at Q sq and Q Kt 2nd, Bs at K Kt 6th and Q R 7th, Kts at Q B 2nd and Q 5th, Ps at K B 3rd and Q 6th. White to play and mate in two moves.

A competing Problem in the Chess Monthly Tournament.

White: K at K R 4th, Q at Q R 7th, Rs at Q B 6th and K B 8th, Bs at Q R 5th and K 6th, Kts at K Kt 3rd and Q Kt 2nd, Ps at K R 2nd, Q 5th, and K Kt 6th.
Black: K at K 4th, Rs at Q 8th and K Kt 4th, Kts at K sq and Q R 6th, Bat Q B 8th, Ps at K Kt 2nd, K R 4th, K Kt 5th, Q Kt 5th and 6th. White to play, and mate in two moves.

By A. F. MACKENZIE.

White: K at Q 8th, Q at Q Kt 4th, Rs at K R 3rd and K Kt 4th, Kts at K Kt 5th and K Kt 8th, Bat Q B 4th, Ps at K 3rd and K R 7th.
Black: K at K B 4th, Kt at K B 5th, Ps at K 2nd, K 3rd, and K 4th. White to play and mate in two moves.

The popularity of chess as a pastime cannot be more clearly demonstrated than by the constant addition to the number of chess columns in the pages of provincial newspapers. We learn that the *Newcastle Weekly Courant*, one of the oldest of local journals, has just commenced such a column under the editorship of Mr. N. W. Hawks, and we are sure it will render much service to the game in a district which is already becoming celebrated for its chess talent.

In the City of London Chess Club Tournament Mr. Gibbons is the winner of No. 1 Section. He deserves his victory, as he has made an excellent score of 5 out of a possible 7; he lost to Messrs. Jacobs and Booth, but he beat Messrs. Hooke, Williams, Maas, Ward, and Morlan. He will now be one of the four section winners who will have to play off for the championship of the club. The fortieth anniversary of the club will be celebrated at the Guildhall Tavern on Dec. 29.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Though it is no news that the Queen has for some years been a student of the language of the great dependency of which she is Empress, yet public interest in the fact will be freshly aroused by the article in the *Strand Magazine*, the appearance of which her Majesty has sanctioned. The writer is Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad, a distinguished Mohammedan scholar, who startled us some time ago with an essay in which he showed how much more just to women were the laws and ordinances of Mohammed than those generally obtaining in Christendom. Her Majesty talked over that article with him with great interest; and Moulvie Ahmad told me at that time—about three years ago—that the Empress of India, as he prefers to speak of her Majesty, already understood Hindustani quite easily. As the Queen has since that date never allowed anything to prevent her daily practice of her new linguistic acquirement, she is naturally now quite mistress of its intricacies. The Queen was already an excellent linguist. German is literally her “mother tongue,” and in it she usually conversed in her domestic life with her German consort, and invariably wrote to him on the rare occasions when they were separated. French is the language of diplomacy, in which Sovereigns of all nations correspond with each other and treaties and State memorandums on foreign affairs are written. The Queen, therefore, uses French with perfect facility; Italian she reads for pleasure; and “the Queen’s English,” as we all know, is individual and flowing in style.

To know many languages and to recognise faces are special acquirements of royalty; they are cultivated in these highly placed personages by the variety of their intercourse with society and the pleasure with which politeness on their parts is received. Other royal ladies are as accomplished in this way as our own Sovereign. The Empress of Russia speaks fluently in Danish, French, German, and English, besides knowing Russian enough for practical use. The Queen-Regent of Spain, an Austrian Princess, lately received in private audience a lady known to me, the wife of an English consul in Spain: the Queen immediately spoke to her guest in excellent English, which language was used through the interview; but the Queen-Regent of Spain can have but little use for English, and of necessity must know also German, French, and Spanish. The Queen of Roumania, “Carmen Sylva,” spoke to everybody in good English when she was over here, and has written a story in English; she is German by birth, knows French perfectly, and can write the Roumanian language as literature.

Queens in earlier times, when the greater difficulties of travel must have made their need of foreign tongues less frequent than it is in these “globe-trotting” days, seem, nevertheless, to have been as great linguists as those of to-day. Latin was, three hundred years ago, what French is now—the universal language of diplomacy; and it was also the tongue of culture and learning, comprising nearly all the literature that then existed; hence it was still a practically living language. Mary Tudor wrote in Latin. Lady Jane Grey, a king’s great-granddaughter, and trained by ambitious parents to be ready for a throne, was as ready with Latin speech and writing as with English. Mary Queen of Scots wrote a beautiful French style—indeed, one of the chief arguments against the genuineness of certain letters that she is accused of having written to Bothwell is the impossibility of her having written so badly; and she read Latin with the scholar Buchanan at Holyrood for an hour every day. But Queen Elizabeth bears off the palm in this, as in all other intellectual matters. She was only sixteen, and still so far removed from all apparent chance of ascending the throne that mere courtly flattery would pass her by, when her tutor, Ascham, wrote of her to a friend of his own: “French and Italian she speaks like English; she also speaks Greek with me, frequently, willingly, and moderately well. Latin she speaks with fluency, propriety, and judgment.” Later in her career, Ascham records having heard her give audience to the ambassadors of France, Italy, and “the Emperor” successively, and she spoke to them respectively in French, Italian, and Latin, “fluently, without confusion, and to the purpose.” On another historic occasion, a Spanish ambassador delivered an insolent message from King Philip. Elizabeth perceived that such words demanded instant reply, and, rising on her dais, she suddenly burst forth in the Latin tongue, which the messenger understood, into such an impromptu of wrath and defiance “as utterly did daunt the malapert orator,” adding, with her usual oath, as she swept from the room, “We have had to furbish up our rusty Latin to-day to some purpose.”

Here are some items of information which I gleaned on my recent round of visits to the jewellers: Earrings are quite out of fashion for day wear. They are still worn at night, the brilliant effect of diamonds in the ears maintaining them in popularity; but for day wear they are hardly ever seen. They are doubtless relics of barbarism, but they are very becoming to many faces, and they will come back: “Swinging censers of light,” Oliver Wendell Holmes prettily called them. Pendants, on the other hand, which have for some time past been but little worn, are being revived. A tiara is a comparatively ordinary article of adornment now, as is, indeed, shown by the number of them that are kept in stock. Turquoises make a charming top line to a tiara, and this gem, somewhat neglected of late years, is just now being sought for in order to edge tiaras. The opal is gaining popularity every day.

Only the silly superstition that the opal is unlucky prevents it from being one of the most sought-after of gems, as it is one of the most beautiful, and one with the great advantage that it cannot be imitated. This last feature commends itself to every woman of taste. The opal is the only gem of which so much can be truly said. All other stones are so perfectly imitated nowadays that the ordinary observer cannot detect the false from the true. Again, there is an ingenious trick that is played with emeralds, rubies, and some other hard stones. They can be cut into extremely thin slices, and these can be affixed by the aid of art imperceptibly on to the surface of glass of the same colour; the real bit of stone at the top can be cut and polished like the true gem that it is, while the worthless interior serves to give depth and substance, of course at a much cheaper rate than the genuine stone of that size could be obtained. No such tricks can be played with the opal; any imitation yet invented is not capable of deceiving a housemaid, and the stone will not make “doublets”—for this is the name of the ingenious deceptions above described. The ancient Romans, from whom most of our superstitions about gems are derived, did not hold this one of the “unluckiness” of the opal. On the contrary, they assigned to each precious stone some beneficent influence on its possessor’s fortunes; and the opal, as having the colours of all the rest lying clasped in its fiery heart, was believed to have the virtues of all others in its single power, and to confer on its owner every kind of protection and good fortune. *Notes and Queries* once tried to discover the origin and the supporting incidents of our modern superstition of fear of opals; but no information was forthcoming. On the contrary, some conspicuously fortunate persons have been collectors of this gem, including the Queen.

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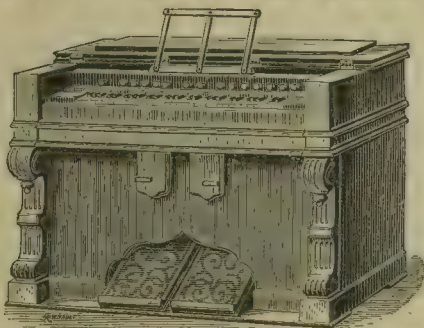
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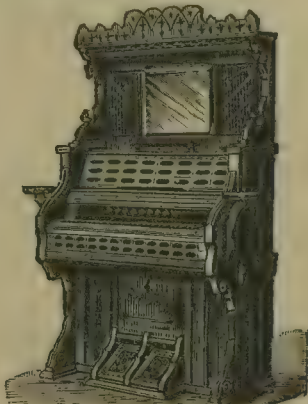
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A newspaper religious census has been taken at Birmingham. Though never quite accurate, these estimates are, on the whole, the most trustworthy indication of the position of religious bodies toward one another and the people at large. The Church of England comes out fairly well. In its buildings there is accommodation for about 76,000, and at the morning and evening services, taken together, 71,000 were present. Other denominations, with fewer sittings (about 72,000), are better attended on the whole (about 85,000). The Wesleyans are the most vigorous of the Nonconformists. Over all, the morning attendance is scanty; the deficiencies are made up in the evening. Dr. R. W. Dale, the eminent Congregationalist, is still at the head of the largest Nonconformist church. The Baptists do not come out so well as might be expected, and can hardly be in so good a position as when Mr. Charles Vince was their leader. Taken altogether, the results are not unsatisfactory. They are better than they were in London.

The Church Congress in Birmingham promises to be a great success. Bishop Perowne is making the arrangements in a very liberal and conciliatory spirit. He has wisely suggested the appointment of working men on the general committee, which is to be a perfectly fair one, representing all sections of the Church. Four of the working men will be on the Subjects Committee. Many Nonconformists have offered hospitality, and more than half of the necessary guarantee fund (£4000) has been raised. There is talk of using Bingley Hall, which is said to be capable of accommodating some forty thousand people.

Canon Cheyne, who has been in somewhat delicate health, is to take a holiday in Egypt. This will be his second visit to the East. Dr. Cheyne is preparing a work on Biblical criticism, in which he will incorporate his elaborate review of Dr. Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament."

Archdeacon Farrar is opposed to a Union of Liberal Churchmen. He is a Liberal, but he thinks the lines of cleavage between clergymen are deep enough already, and that they should not be increased. Further, he thinks that in dealing with Church questions the clergy are already "embarked upon a tempestuous sea, destined, perhaps at no distant period, to be yet more tempestuous." Dr. Farrar thinks that too much is expected from the clergy. "The cry," he says, was once, "Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi." There is more ground now for the cry, "Ye thrust too much upon us, ye people of England."

The *Literary Churchman* is about to expire. It was a spirited and creditable sheet, but never, I fear, had a very large sale. The proprietors endeavoured to dispose of it—unsuccessfully. Mr. Wilcox has, I understand, withdrawn from the *Illustrated Church News*.

Proceedings are being taken by the New York Presbyterians against Professor Briggs, who is an Old Testament critic of the same school as Drs. Driver and Cheyne. It is charged that Dr. Briggs's writings contradict the Bible and the Confession of Faith. Dr. Briggs contends that it is necessary that all his writings should be read to the Presbytery along with the whole of the Bible in the original Hebrew and Greek, and also the standards of his Church. This agreeable proposal has been received with a surprising lack of enthusiasm.

Both the Church Defence Institution and the Liberation Society have engaged lady lecturers. It seems to be thought

that the Disestablishment question may come to be decided by women.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the President of the Royal Society of British Artists, has been arguing for the authenticity of the commonly received portrait of Christ. He says that it is found in the earliest records of the Christian Church, but his reasoning is very precarious.

I regret to hear that Professor Sanday has been far from well—in fact, unable for weeks to do any work.

Dr. Moulton, the well-known Cambridge Wesleyan, is to be presented by his friends with a portrait of himself. The presentation will probably be made by Bishop Westcott for the subscribers.

ART NOTES.

The first question which is naturally asked on seeing a collection of seventy or eighty paintings, mostly unknown, by early British painters is, Whence do they come? The scepticism of modern times in all matters regarding art products is so great that Messrs. Dowdeswells would have done well to have given some information as to the sources of the various pictures brought together. The threescore works, mostly of cabinet size, by John Constable are undoubtedly the great feature of the exhibition, and in all probability the majority of these can be traced back to "the hoard" of Miss Isabel Constable, the painter's daughter, which was dispersed after her death a year or two ago. Many of them are obviously studies which the artist made for his larger easel pictures, but some are very highly finished, and are especially interesting as illustrative of Constable's persistence in studying Nature in her most varied moods. One understands on looking over this collection his influence upon French art—and one can almost see how Troyon, Rousseau, and the Romanticists grew out of the teaching of the Suffolk miller's son—just as a previous generation had been brought back to classical painting by the influence of Richard Wilson. Of the other masters represented in this collection, George Morland shows to the best advantage—for neither of the two girls by Reynolds is very attractive, and our taste for Romney has been forced by the splendid specimens lent from year to year to Burlington House. On the other hand, the Norwich school is well represented by Cotman, Vincent, and Stark—and the specimens of Stannard, Crome, Collins, and Müller, if not of the highest degree of excellence, are interesting works of their kind.

Sable et Galet (Librairie Plon)—or, as we should say, "Sands and Shingle"—is the title under which the clever French caricaturist known as "Mars" introduces us to the various bathing places on the north coast of France. The ways of our neighbours—even at the seaside—are not our ways, but they are, at all events, often amusing and picturesque. "Mars" is especially happy in hitting the delicate shades of frivolity and fashion by which the frequenters of the various spots are differentiated. Houlgate now holds its own against Deauville or Trouville, formerly the rendezvous of the best dressed ladies of the financial world. Le Tréport, Le Havre, and, in a lesser degree, Villers-sur-Mer, are the favourite haunts of the bourgeoisie, Etretat of artists and *gens-de-lettres*, and Bercy is the paradise of children. From Cherbourg, on the far west, to Dunkirk, on the confines of Belgium, "Mars" gives us glimpses of life and amusement. If his subjects are not always quite in accordance with English

tastes, we must do him the justice to say that he treats English men and women with proper reserve, and draws them without ill-nature. From a technical point of view, these sketches are generally admirable—the outlines firmly drawn, the attitudes graceful or easy, and when dealing with old women and fisherfolk he is irreproachable. The album is one of the prettiest of gift-books, but from our insular point of view it may not be considered altogether suitable *virginibus puerisque* of this country.

It is only on the supposition that Mr. Wyke Bayliss's lecture at the Richmond Athenæum was imperfectly reported that one can explain his apparent forgetfulness to acknowledge the source whence he derived his whole subject-matter. The original edition of the late Mr. Thomas Heaphy's monograph on "The Likeness of Christ" was issued in an expensive form to a very limited number of subscribers, but a more popular edition, brought out after the author's death under Mr. Wyke Bayliss's superintendence, was reviewed at the time in these columns. The subject is one which had naturally attracted the notice of many students of Christian iconography before Mr. Heaphy attempted to bring together the various theories abroad, and to place in juxtaposition a dozen or so of the earliest pictures still extant, in which the lineaments of Our Lord's face may have been supposed to have been treated in accordance with oral tradition. Father Tebay and Padre Garucci, for many years head of the Roman College, had given evidence of the zeal with which they had pushed their investigations, but it was left to Mr. Heaphy to make actual drawings from certain mosaics, pictures, and, above all, certain valuable relics in the catacombs. Among the earliest specimens of Christian art must be placed the glass ornament found in the tomb of "Eutychia, happiest of women." On this is the figure of Christ bringing in His hands the fruit of the Tree of Life, and in His face the rudimentary lines of the figure which was subsequently idealised are distinctly traceable. It should not be forgotten, moreover, in looking at these early renderings of His face, the religion was that of the Man of Sorrows, and its chief adherents were the forlorn and despaired. It is only after the fourth century, when Christianity became triumphant, that we begin to find the likeness of Christ modified and idealised.

A model lodging-house for workmen, adjacent to the Vauxhall railway station, built at a cost of £30,000 by Lord Rowton, managing trustee of the munificent Guinness fund, was opened on Thursday, Dec. 15, in the presence of Lord and Lady Iveagh, Lord Carrington, and Mr. R. M. Beachcroft, of the London County Council. It will accommodate 470 persons, with bedrooms, or separate "cubicles," at sixpence a night, dining-room, kitchens, reading-room, smoking-room, bath-rooms, and lavatories. It is to be called Rowton House.

The Vice-President of the Council for Education, Mr. Acland, on Dec. 14 received collective deputations from twenty-two metropolitan vestries, the National Sunday League, the Sunday Society, and a conference of trade societies and working men's clubs, asking for the Sunday opening of public museums and galleries of art. He said that, so far as concerned the South Kensington Museum, the authorities would not present any difficulties; and though he could not answer for the trustees of the British Museum and the National Gallery, he would represent the matter favourably in the proper quarter.



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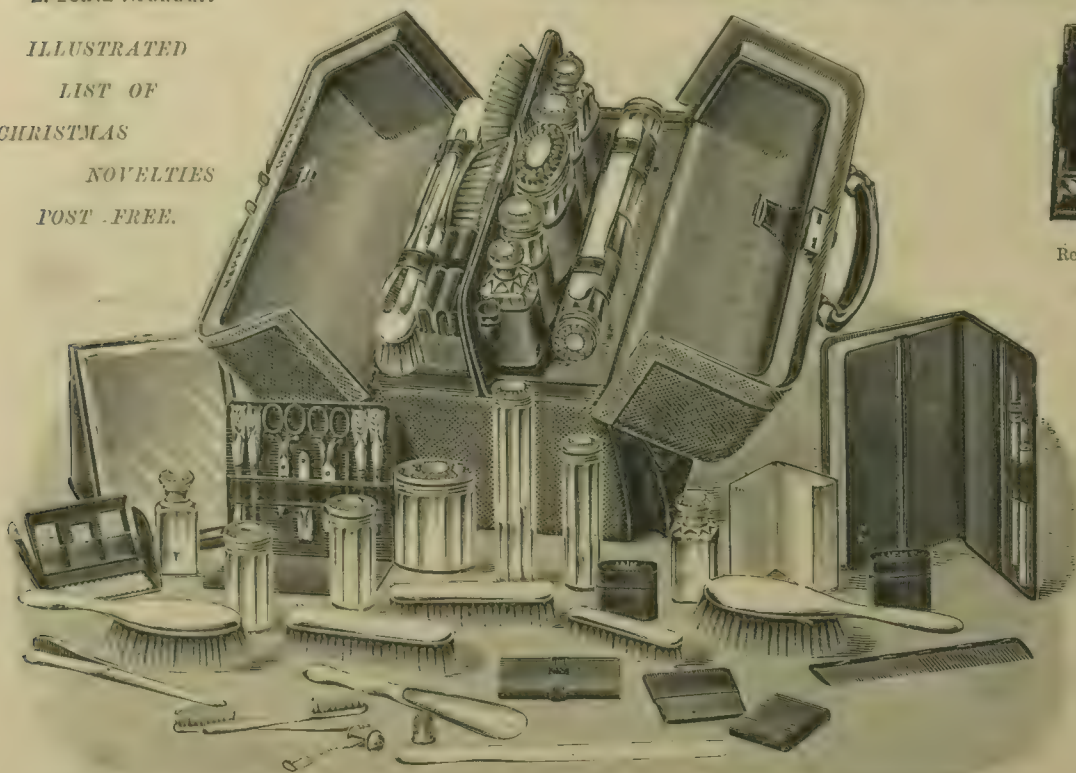
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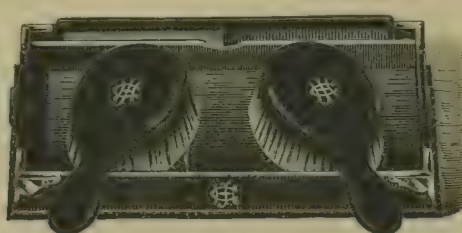
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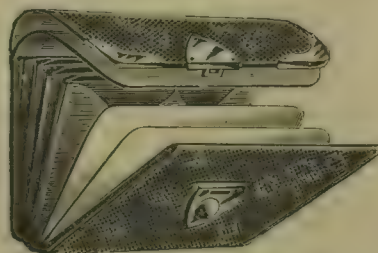


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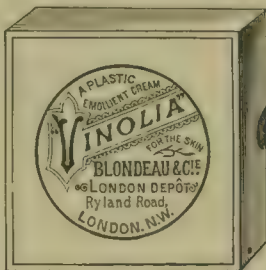


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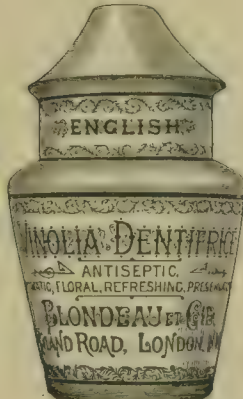
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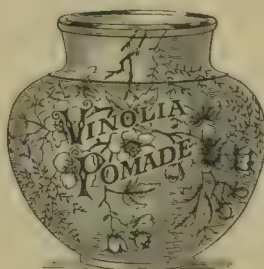
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The will (dated May 2, 1891) of Mrs. Hannah Crosby, late of Durham House, Sydenham Rise, Forest Hill, who died on Nov. 8 at Southsea, was proved on Dec. 12 by Colonel Samuel Handy Halahan, Mrs. Hannah Halahan, the niece, and Edward Francis Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £222,000. The testatrix devises her freehold farm, Countesthorpe, Leicestershire, upon trust, for Samuel Crosby Halahan; and she bequeaths £300 to Colonel Halahan; and all her plate, jewellery, books, pictures, furniture, wines, and articles of household or personal use or ornament to her said niece. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to her niece, the said Hannah Halahan, for life, then £500 per annum to the said Colonel Halahan, for life, and, subject thereto, for all the children of her said niece, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 29, 1892), with a codicil (dated March 5 following), of Mr. John Drake, late of Weston-super-Mare, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Dec. 12 by Mrs. Maria Drake, the widow, and Archibald Fuller Coghill, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £152,000. The testator devises his freehold residence, Kirk Ella, at Weston-super-Mare, to his wife; and he bequeaths to her £500, and all his jewellery, household furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses, carriages, and garden plants and implements; and £30,000, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life or widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again the income of £8000 thereof; subject thereto the trust fund is to go and be divided the same as his residuary estate. He also bequeaths £1250 each to his nephews, Francis Drake Coldridge and Arthur Coldridge; £400 to his son the Rev. John Bernard Drake; and £100 to

his executor and son-in-law, Mr. A. F. Coghill. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Alfred Drake, the Rev. John Bernard Drake, Francis Drake, Edward Herbert Drake, Edith Ward, Maria Drake, and Jessie Coghill, the share of each daughter to be two-thirds of the share of each son.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1892) of Mr. Thomas Anstey Chave, late of Northfield, Bridgwater, Somersetshire, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Dec. 10 by William Francis Chave and Edward Chave, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £116,000. The testator gives £300, free of legacy duty, to the rector and churchwardens of the parish of Upwotton, Devon, upon trust, to invest the same and to distribute the income annually at Christmas among the poor of the said parish; and his station of Maxwellton, Queensland, Australia, with all the live and dead stock and appurtenances, as to three fifths to his nephew the said William Francis Chave, and as to two fifths to his nephew the said Edward Chave. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £2000 per annum to his sister Ann Corner, for life, and to accumulate the remainder of the income during her lifetime. At her death he bequeaths £5000 each to Evelyn, Ernest, and Cecil, the children of his late brother, John Anstey Chave; 15,000 to be divided between the children of his late sister, Sarah Cox; and £1000 each to the children of his nephews, the said William Francis Chave and Edward Chave, by their then present wives. The ultimate residue he leaves to his said nephews, William Francis Chave and Edward Chave, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1884) of Mr. Frederic Cross, late of Halesworth, Suffolk, solicitor, who died on Sept. 8 at Edin-

burgh, was proved on Dec. 8 by Robert Holmes White and Turner Collin, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator leaves his residence, Highfield, Halesworth, with the stables, cottages, lands, and premises, all his furniture and effects, and £600 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Maria Sarah Cross, for life; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his daughter, Mary Elizabeth Cross, absolutely.

The will (dated April 20, 1887) of Mr. Perceval Moses Parsons, C.E., late of Melbourne House, Blackheath, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Nov. 29 by Percy Rexford Parsons and Edward Perceval Parsons, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, and £1000, payable under a policy of insurance on his life, to his wife, Mrs. Anne Jane Parsons; all his professional books, drawings, instruments, &c., to his son Percy Rexford; £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his granddaughters, Gracie and Flora Shellshear; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one third, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and as to two thirds, and also the one third on the death of his wife, for all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 27, 1888), with a codicil (dated Dec. 2, 1889), of Miss Elizabeth Clark, late of Merton House, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Dec. 9 by Henry Small, and Owen Clark and Esau Clark, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testatrix bequeaths certain furniture and effects at Finmere House, Oxfordshire, to her nieces, Mary Eliza Adams and Clementina Clark; £400

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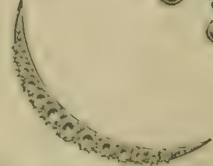
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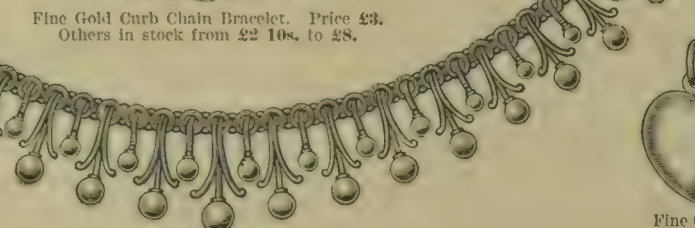
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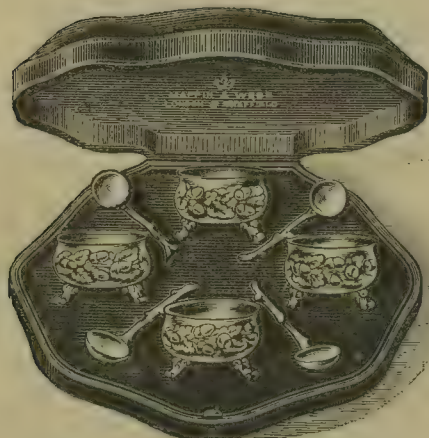
General Offices: **BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**
BRANCHES. EVERYWHERE.

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Presents in
Sterling Silver &
Princes Plate (Rd. 71,552)

Mappin & Webb's
Special Christmas List,
500 Illustrations,
Post Free.

Goods sent to
the Country on
Approval.



Four Chased Sterling Silver "Acorn" Salts and Spoons,
in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, £3 15s.
Six in Case, £5 15s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.			
Complete in Case, Sterling Silver ..	£11 11	Princes Plate ..	£5 5 0
Teapot only ..	5 5	" ..	1 11 6
Sugar Basin and Tongs ..	1 15	" ..	0 10 6
Cream Jug ..	1 5	" ..	0 10 6



Two Sterling Silver Escalloped Butter Shells and Two Knives,
In Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet .. £4 5s.
One Shell and Knife, in Case .. £2 5s.



Pair of Game Carvers, pair of Meat Carvers, and Steel, in Morocco Leather Case, best African Ivory Handles,
with richly chased Sterling Silver Caps, and finest Shear Steel, £4 10s.
The same, without Game Carvers, £3.



Oval Serviette Rings, in Sterling Silver
Gilt, richly Engraved and Pierced,
complete, in Case, £2 10s.



Registered Design.
Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case,
Princes Plate, £1 11s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 10s.

Only London Addresses: **THE POULTRY** (Opposite the Mansion House), E.C., & **158, OXFORD ST., W.**

to Miss Rosa Simms; an annuity of £30 to her housekeeper, Betsy Hopcraft; and £100 to her servant, Ann Hopcraft. All her freehold and copyhold property and the residue of her personal estate she leaves to her said nephews, Owen Clark and Esau Clark, to be equally divided between them.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Aug. 8, 1866) of Mr. Thomas Alston, manufacturer in Glasgow, late of 6, Royal Terrace, Cross Hill, Glasgow, who died on Oct. 17, granted to Robert Gilchrist Finlay, jun., Robert McCrae, Joseph McCrae, and Thomas Alston, the surviving and assumed executors, was revealed in London on Dec. 5, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £40,000.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1891), with two codicils (dated Nov. 17, 1891, and Jan. 17, 1892), of Mr. Henry Howard Taylor, formerly of Woolley Manor, Silkstone, Yorkshire, and late of Howcaple Rectory, Herefordshire, who died on Aug. 29 at Filey, Yorkshire, was proved on Nov. 26 by Keith Ogilvey Baird Young and Reginald Bury, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, furniture, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £200 to his wife; £210 to his friend Henry A. Wardrop; and £100 to his executor, Mr. K. O. B. Young. He directs £10,000 to be raised out of the Thorscoe estate, of which, under the will of his father, Thomas Edward Taylor, he was tenant for life, with remainder to his sons in tail, to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, but in the event of her marrying again one half only of such income, and subject thereto for his children, except his son who shall become entitled to the said estate. The residue of his real and

personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, but one half only in the event of her marrying again, and then for all his children. If he leaves more than two children, his eldest son's share of the residue is to be limited to £10,000.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON.

The Earl of Portarlington died on Dec. 17, aged sixty. Lionel Seymour William Dawson-Damer, Viscount Carlow of Carlow, and Baron Dawson of Dawson's Court, Queen's County, in Ireland, D.L., was the fourth Earl of Portarlington. He was educated at Eton, and married, in 1855, the Hon. Harriet Lydia Montagu, the second daughter of General Lord Rokeby, G.C.B. He was made a Knight of St. Patrick in 1879. He represented Portarlington in the Conservative interest in the House of Commons from 1857-65 and 1868-80. He was captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, and served in the Crimea. He retired from the Army in 1856. He had resided for many years at Bournemouth. The title devolves upon his eldest son, George Lionel Henry Seymour, Viscount Carlow,



who was born in 1858, and married, in 1881, Emma Andalusia Frere, daughter of Lord Nigel Kennedy.

The Hon. Sir Adams G. Archibald, who had twice been Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax, N.S., on Dec. 14, at the age of seventy-eight.

Russia has lost a great poet—Athanasios Shenchine—who died at Moscow the other day. Nature and the home were his themes. He was seventy-two.

Mrs. Lloyd, who was present at the coronations in Westminster Abbey of George IV., William IV., and her Majesty the Queen, has just died, at the age of ninety.

A member of the Provisional Government of France in 1848 died on Dec. 14. This was M. Alexandre Albert, a working man, at one time famous as a demagogue. He was seventy-five.

M. Siméon Luce, an able French historian, died recently, at the age of fifty-nine, in Paris.

The late Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic diocese of Birmingham, Mgr. Longman, died on Dec. 14, aged seventy-five.

Mr. Alfred Fryer, the inventor of the "concretor" (in connection with sugar) and the "destructor" (in connection with refuse), died on Dec. 13, aged sixty-two. In astronomy and engineering—he was a partner in a Nottingham firm of engineers—he also achieved success.

Dr. S. D. Darbishire, well known in Oxford aquatic circles, died on Dec. 16. He was coroner to the University for some years, and had often coached the boat-race crew.

Another member of the French Academy—M. John Emile Lemoine—died on Dec. 14, aged seventy-seven. For very

A FEAST OF REASON FOR THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON

MANY READERS of this paper will be wondering if the Proprietor of "BEECHAM'S PILLS" is bringing out something fresh this Christmas, in order to remind them (as he has done in novel ways several consecutive Yuletides) that his Pills are "Worth a Guinea a Box," and the following is the plan hit upon. Any reader, residing in the United Kingdom, who sends promptly a Postal Order for One Shilling, payable to THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, will receive, without delay, a parcel containing the following—

A CALENDAR.—Red Cloth, Blocked in Gold, 6 in. by 4 in., either to stand or hang, with tear-off leaf for each day printed in black and red, giving length of day and quarters of the moon; equal to anything sold at One Shilling.

A TUBE OF BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE.—Advertised at 1s. each, and never yet sold, even by stores, below 9d. Anyone who has previously tried this Tooth Paste will appreciate this chance of getting a bargain, and those who have not had better avail themselves of the opportunity.

A YARD TAPE MEASURE, made of untearable linen, with inches and sixteenths clearly printed thereon. The measurement is reliable, and the tape will be a lasting handy commodity.

A VOLUME OF MUSIC.—Beecham's Music Portfolio, Volume 5, just published, containing—

Maggie Murphy's Home—The Irish Emigrant—The Old Folks at Home—I'll take you Home again, Kathleen—Rock-a-bye, Baby—Fairy Wedding Waltz—Only to see her Face again—Charity—A Flower from Mother's Grave—Hearts and Homes—The Farmer's Boy—The Low-backed Car—The Diver—The Gipsy Countess—Phyllis is my only Joy—What are the Wild Waves Saying—Cherry Ripe—The Spanish Cavalier—The Better Land—The Auld House—The Best of Friends must Part—The Minstrel Boy—Tout à la Joie Polka—The Harp that once through Tara's Halls—Annie Laurie—Weel may the Keel Row—Consider the Lilies—In Cellar Cool—The Meeting of the Waters—Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay March.

Those musical readers who are not the lucky possessors of Volumes 1, 2, 3, and 4, each of which contains thirty different pieces of Music (either old gems, or some of the most popular songs of the day), can have the same sent with the "Feast of Reason" parcel by sending One Shilling extra; or any single volume at Threepence each extra.

ORACLES.—These have been some time before the public, but are in as great demand as ever. A supply will be sent with each parcel gratis.

The loss on each parcel is considerable, and the supply is therefore limited. There is no guessing or prize competition about this; it is simply a matter of sending One Shilling, and getting more than double its value. If anyone is dissatisfied, they can return the parcel, post paid, and their money, less first cost of postage, will be returned; and any Shillings received after the parcels are exhausted will be at once refunded.

Write **EARLY** and write **CLEARLY** to

THE PROPRIETOR OF "BEECHAM'S PILLS,"
ST. HELENS, Lancashire.

DON'T TURN OVER

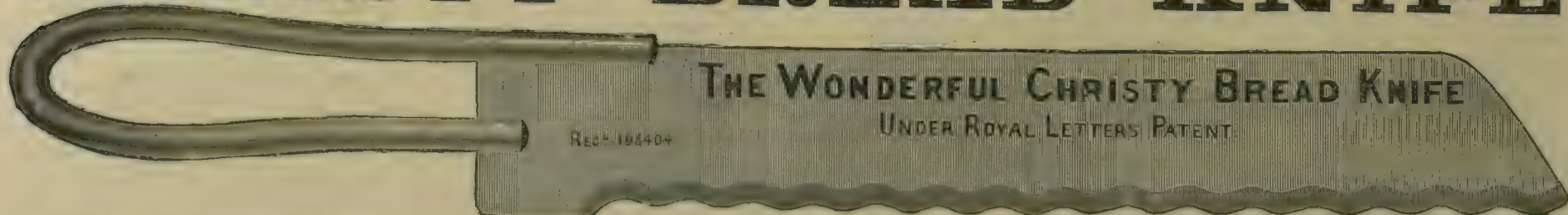
UNTIL YOU HAVE READ THE ABOVE.

Can you cut new bread—really new—into thin slices?

No; you cannot, with an ordinary knife;

BUT WITH THAT WONDERFUL

CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE



it is easier than cutting stale bread with any other knife. It is not a machine, but a knife, and it is sharpened like any other knife, only not a quarter so often. Send Two Shillings and Sixpence deposit, and try one. If you feel that you can ever do without it, send it back, and the full amount will be returned, without any deduction. If you do not want to part with it, keep it, and tell your acquaintances.

DOESN'T LOOK as if it would cut bread? **No? But it will, and make no crumbs.**

It is equally good for new bread, stale bread, and cake—namely, indispensable. The **Christy Bread Knife** is the only knife made that will cut bread perfectly. It is far superior to a smooth-edged knife in every respect. To slice bread thin for making sandwiches it is perfection; you can cut thin slices just as well as thick ones.

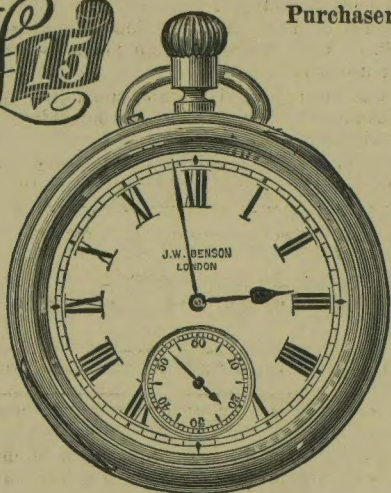
Size, 14 inches by 2 inches. Made of Finest Steel. PRICE 2s. 6d. BY POST.

CHRISTY KNIFE COMPANY, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

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In Silver Cases,

£15



Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

Purchasers in all parts of the World using these Watches testify to their strictly accurate timekeeping qualities.

BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

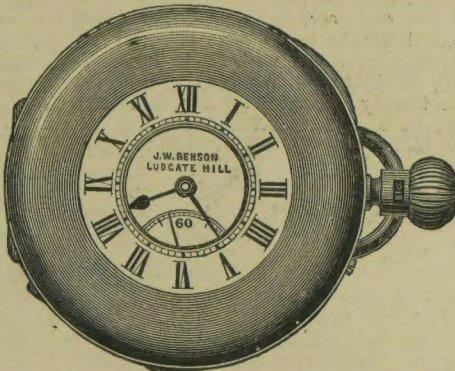
Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear.

KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

In Silver Cases,

£15

Best London make, Breguet sprung, and adjusted for variations when used during Hunting, Shooting, or Yachting; highly finished half-chronometer movement with detached Lever escapement, fully jewelled, and true chronometer balance.



In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

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To Officers proceeding on foreign service, residents in India or the Colonies, and to travellers generally, this watch is strongly recommended as a really strong, accurate, and durable timekeeper.



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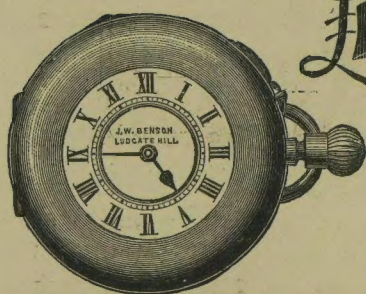
£25

A SPLENDID XMAS PRESENT.

Made in Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver Cases, £15. Monograms and Crests extra.

In Silver Cases,

£5



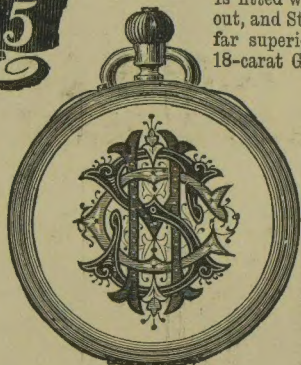
BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Strong KEYLESS Action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to ordinary Watches. The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE £10.

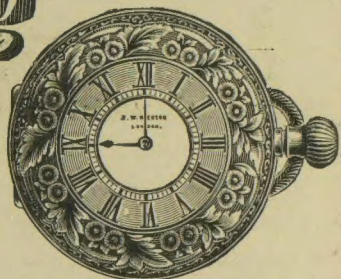
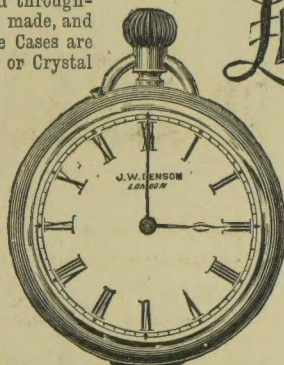
OR IN SILVER CASES, £5.

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Gold Albert Chains in a great variety of patterns to match, from £1 15s. See Illustrated Pamphlet, Post Free.

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PAMPHLETS
POST FREE TO
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(LATE A. B. SAVORY & SONS.)

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1751.

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JEWELLERY
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FORWARDED
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APPROBATION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LIMITED,

beg respectfully to announce that, in consequence of the retirement of the senior partner, they are now selling off the whole of their splendid stock of JEWELLERY, WATCHES and CLOCKS, SILVER PLATE (excepting Spoons and Forks), and PLATED WARE at a reduction of 20 PER CENT.

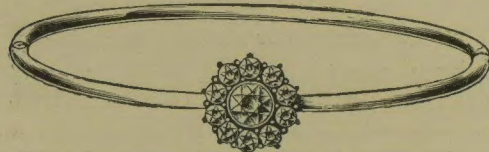
An opportunity never previously offered is thus presented to the public of obtaining their renowned and highly finished manufactures at prices for which they cannot be reproduced.

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Brilliant Diamond Spray Brooch, £55. Other designs from £30.



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MASSIVE SILVER "MONTEITH" BOWL, beautifully Chased and Fluted, on Ebonised Plinth, 9 in. Diameter, price £21 15s. Ditto, 6 in. diameter, £9.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AT RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY.

SETS FOR THE WRITING-TABLE AND BOUDOIR, in SILVER, ORMOLU, CHINA, OXIDISED SILVER, POLISHED BRASS, and LEATHER with SILVER MOUNTS. DRESSING CASES. JEWEL BOXES. CASES OF IVORY BRUSHES. CARRIAGE CLOCKS. OPERA GLASSES. SCENT BOTTLES. CASES OF CUTLERY. BOXES OF GAMES. LIQUEUR CASES.

DESPATCH BOXES. ENVELOPE CASES. STATIONERY CABINETS. WRITING CASES. INKSTANDS. CANDLESTICKS. POSTAGE SCALES. CIGAR CABINETS. CIGARETTE BOXES.

USEFUL AND ELEGANT PRESENTS IN SILVER, And a large and choice Assortment of ENGLISH, VIENNESE, and PARISIAN NOVELTIES, from 5s. to £5.

TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS. With Hall-marked Sterling Silver Fittings, in Morocco, Russia, Crocodile, and Pigskin Leathers. £5 5s., £10 10s., £15, £20, £30, to £100.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS at RODRIGUES' for Cartes-de-Visite and Cabinet Portraits, 10s. 6d. to £5. REGIMENTAL AND PRESENTATION ALBUMS. PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES and SCREENS, Russia and Morocco, all sizes, to hold 2 to 12 Portraits.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CORONET, CREST, and ADDRESS DIES. Engraved as Gems from Original and Artistic Designs. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliantly illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours. BEST RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100. All the New and Fashionable Note-Papers. BALL PROGRAMMES, MENUS, and GUEST CARDS. WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS and BOOK PLATES. A VISITING NAME PLATE, elegantly Engraved, and 100 superline CARDS Printed, for 4s. 6d.

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CREME SIMON (superior to Vaseline and Cucumber) for the Complexion and light cutaneous affections: Sunburn, Redness, Chills, Chaps. It whitens, fortifies, and perfumes the skin, to which it imparts a fragrant perfume and gives a velvety appearance.

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PATENT For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy. In all sizes, Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3s. 6d.

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CAMBRIC Children's, 1/3 doz. Ladies', 2/3 doz. Gent's, 3/3 " Hemstitched. Ladies', 2/9 doz. Gent's, 3/11 " "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

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FAMILY MOURNING.

Experienced Assistants sent with full assortment of Mourning Goods to any address in Town or Country, without expense to Purchasers.

256 to 262,

PETER ROBINSON, REGENT ST.

The Largest Mourning Warehouse in the Kingdom.

many years he had efficiently served the *Journal des Débats*. In 1875 he was elected a member of the Academy, and became a life Senator in 1880. A friendly critic of England, he was born in London, and had been a journalist nearly all his life.

French literature has had many losses lately. M. Georges Hachette, the famous publisher, died at the age of fifty-four in Paris. For some years he had ably directed the work of the great firm in the Boulevard St. Germain.

Sir Richard Owen, the great scientist, died on Dec. 18, aged eighty-eight. His distinguished career, extending over so large a part of the century, is noticed on another page.

Lady Egerton of Tatton, who was a daughter of the second Earl Amherst, and who was married to Lord Egerton of Tatton in 1857, died on Dec. 17.

Dr. Walter Hayle Walshe, who had filled the posts of Professor of Pathological Anatomy and Professor of Clinical and

of Systematic Medicine in University College Hospital, London, died on Dec. 14 at an advanced age. Many important medical works dealing with phthisis, cancer, the heart, &c., were from Dr. Walshe's pen.

The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, which is scarcely less useful and successful than the People's Palace at the East-End of London, held its annual meeting for the distribution of prizes on Dec. 14. Mr. Quintin Hogg, the actual founder, by his munificent gifts and his incessant personal labours, of this noble establishment for adult education, was in the chair as president. The Duke of Fife presented the prizes and certificates. The Polytechnic Institution is attended weekly by 7000 students; the average attendance every night is 3000, with five hundred classes for the teaching of eighty different subjects, and technical instruction in twenty different trades; and with forty clubs or

societies for recreation. The payments received from members amount to £25,000 a year; and the institution, in its ordinary working, is not far now from being a self-supporting one, but an outlay of £10,000 or £12,000 will be required for certain alterations in the premises next year.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 18, a burglary and robbery of jewels, to the value of £30,000, took place at Leigh Court, near Bristol, the residence of Lady Miles, widow of the late Sir Philip Miles, Bart. The burglars, through a window, entered a bed-room on the upper floor while the family were at dinner.

A committee has been formed to raise a fund, by public subscription, for the relief of some of the thousands of poor families ruined, as shareholders or depositors, by the failure of the Liberator Building Society. The Official Receiver appointed for the investigation of this society's affairs under the Companies' Liquidation Act has expressed his sympathy with this benevolent effort.

If You Cough

TAKE

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES

Géraudel's Pastilles act, by inhalation and absorption, directly upon the respiratory organs:

THE LARYNX,

BRONCHIA,

LUNGS, &c.,

and are Invaluable for
COUGHS, COLDS,
BRONCHITIS,
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CATARRH,
ASTHMA, &c., &c.

Their EFFECT is
INSTANTANEOUS.

Price per Case, with directions for use, 1s. 1½d.

Can be ordered through any Chemist, or sent post free, on receipt of price, by the

WHOLESALE DEPOT FOR GREAT BRITAIN:

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Their EFFECT is
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"ALWAYS FAIR."



Beetham's Glycerine AND Cucumber

is the Most Perfect Preparation for Preserving and Beautifying THE SKIN ever produced.
ITS EFFECT IN REMOVING ALL
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c.,
IS ALMOST MAGICAL,

and by its use THE SKIN is rendered

SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE,

and preserved from all the ill-effects of

FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

No Lady who values her COMPLEXION

should be without it at this Season of the Year.

If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it

will be found

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.

For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE, as it is

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

Beware of Injurious Imitations.

BOTTLES, 1s., 2s., 6d., of all CHEMISTS and PERFUMERS.

Sole Makers: M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners St., W.

POSTAGE STAMPS WANTED (used or not) of all kinds, in Collections, Books, Albums, or Loose; especially Early English or Colonial, and Illustrated Envelopes. 1 penny 20s. for English 2s., and many others. W. RIDOUT, 24, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

WILD ROSE POT-POURRI.

This preparation is made from the petals of Wild Roses which grow luxuriantly in Maine, U.S.A., during the month of June. These, combined with a choice mixture of Oriental perfumes, imported expressly for this purpose, produce a Pot-pourri which will remain fragrant for years.

Place the contents in any Jar that can be tightly covered, the cover to be removed for half an hour to perfume a room.

For Sachets or Pillows wrap the Pot-pourri in fine tissue paper, making a package to be enclosed in cotton wool, feathers, or down.

May be obtained of all the leading Glass and China dealers in the United Kingdom, or of STONIER and CO., Liverpool, 2s. 6d. per box, carriage free.

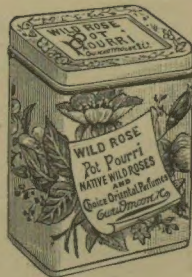
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Wm. D. & Co. LONDON

Allen & Hanburys' "Perfected"

Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—Lancet.

"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen & Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and tonic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 3d. each.

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PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
 Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
 Express Service (Weekdays and Sundays), except Dec. 25.

London to Paris (1, 2, 3)	Paris to London (1, 2, 3)
Victoria dep. 8.50	Paris dep. 8.50
London Bridge " 9.0	London Bridge arr. 7.40
Paris arr. 8.0	Victoria " 7.50

Fares—Single, First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.
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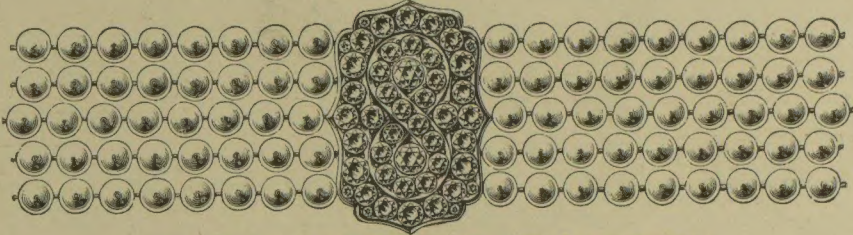
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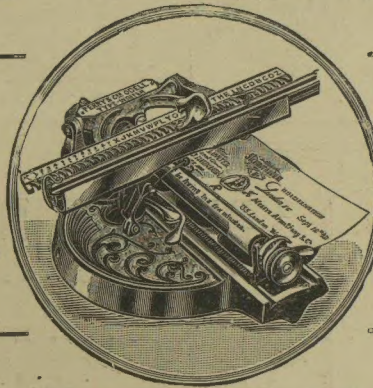
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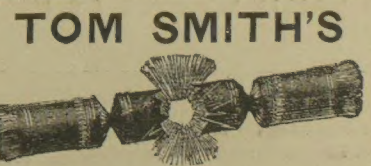
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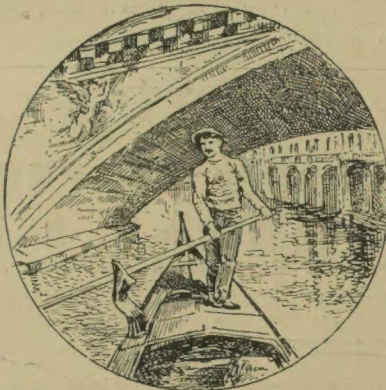
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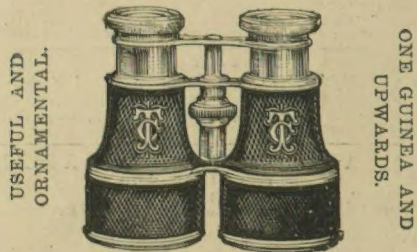
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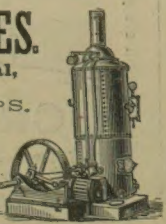
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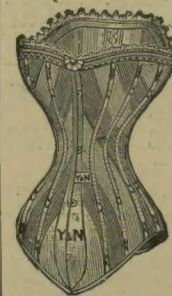


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